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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 142.—Vol. XI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 22, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Park*

"TAKING THE WATERS"

A snapshot of the Cure in action at Vichy

No. 142.—Vol. XI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
August 22, 1906

The Kaiser, in order not to incommode the King, requested his Majesty not to bring any uniform for his visit to Friedrichshof. He, himself, was going to make do with a dozen.

* * *

"It is certain," remarked the *Gaulois* of the Friedrichshof meeting, "that the kiss of peace was given only with the lips." But how else would our charming contemporary have a kiss given?

* * *

The new substance, "dustroyd," is, we learn, a successful cure for the motor-dust nuisance. If, now, they will only discover smellroyd and noiseroyd, motoring will become a civilised pursuit.

* * *

"The Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall," remarked last week's *Sketch*, "are on our heels." A welcome change from the old promenading fashion (on our soles).

* * *

Generals André and De Négrier are both looking so fit and well after their little affair of honour in the Parc Monceau that the "duel-cure" is likely to be all the rage with Parisians in the near future.

There was an article in last Wednesday's *Pall Mall* entitled "On Being Fed." It was by Mr. E. Almaz Stout. An authority, indeed!

* * *

"T. P." in *P.T.O.* considers that Mr. Churchill's last speech in the House would have done credit to a statesman with treble his years and treble his experience. Certainly, a statesman of ninety-six (*i.e.*, treble "Winston's" age), who could make such a speech, would be a bit of a marvel.

* * *

We do not quarrel with the Anarchists' latest dodge, by which a station at Odessa was "held up." On the contrary, there are cases—as, for instance, that of Charing Cross last year—where this might be rather of service to the public than otherwise.

* * *

While the luggage was being unloaded from the Dublin steamer at Holyhead, a large package of diamonds fell in the sea. The treasure-hunting ship *Xema* might call at Holyhead *en route* to the mysterious island.

Fire Drill at Sea: How it is *not* done on a British battleship

The Loss of H.M.S. "Montagu"

THE fashionable beauty in England has an even more strenuous life of it than the fashionable beauty in America.—Article on "The Countess of Warwick," by ANNE O'HAGAN, in *Munsey's Magazine.*

* * *

"I live abroad, but shoot in England," might now be said with some amount of truth by many Englishmen. — *The Graphic.*

* * *

IT is not advisable for an actor, however eminent, to refuse to make a fool of himself.—MAX BEERBOHM in *The Saturday Review.*

* * *

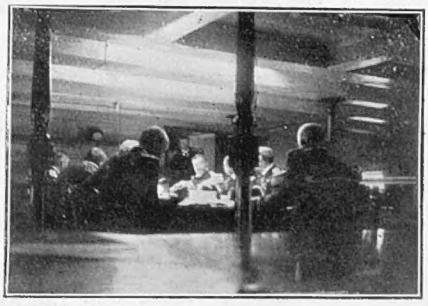
MR. SHAW'S ideal of government is a world run by the firm of Shaw and Providence, with Providence as sleeping partner.—*John Bull.*

* * *

A song with a chorus is the only perfectly democratic institution in the world.—G. K. CHESTERTON in the *Daily News.*

* * *

THE Thames is not much of a river; dwellers on the banks of the Hudson or the Mississippi delight in terming it a ditch, and they are not entirely wrong.—SAMUEL CROWTHER in *Munsey's Magazine.*



The "Montagu" court-martial on board the "Victory"

An interesting fact brought out was that, although in great peril, officers and men behaved with the utmost *aplomb* at the time the *Montagu* struck. As a witness said, it might have been an incident in their daily routine

THE selfish "Where do I come in?" query, so essentially modern, is the beginning and the end of that lamentable epidemic, the unhappy marriage malady. — ANNESLEY KENEALY in *The World and His Wife.*

* * *

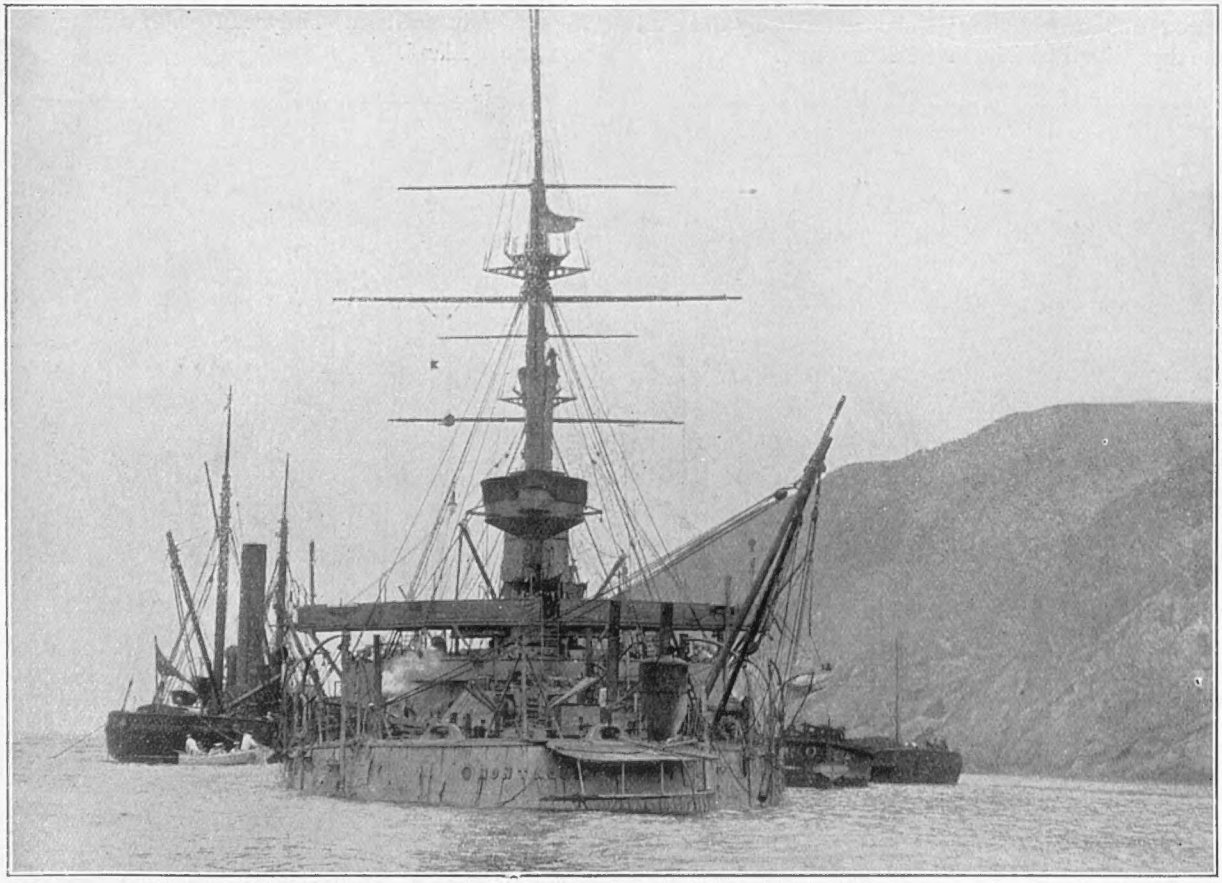
NOT many newspaper men will advise anyone to get into journalism. Failure in it is so utter and miserable. It follows such brilliant hopes and such satiety of vanity and self-love, that when the fall comes the whole man goes, mentally, morally, physically. — LINCOLN STEFFENS in *New York Tribune.*

* * *

THE German fleet as it will exist less than ten years hence as a war force, probably only second in power to that of Great Britain, will be recognised as the most amazing achievement in statecraft ever accomplished by a single man, for the fleet will be literally the Emperor's personal creation. — ARCHIBALD S. HURD in the *Nineteenth Century.*

* * *

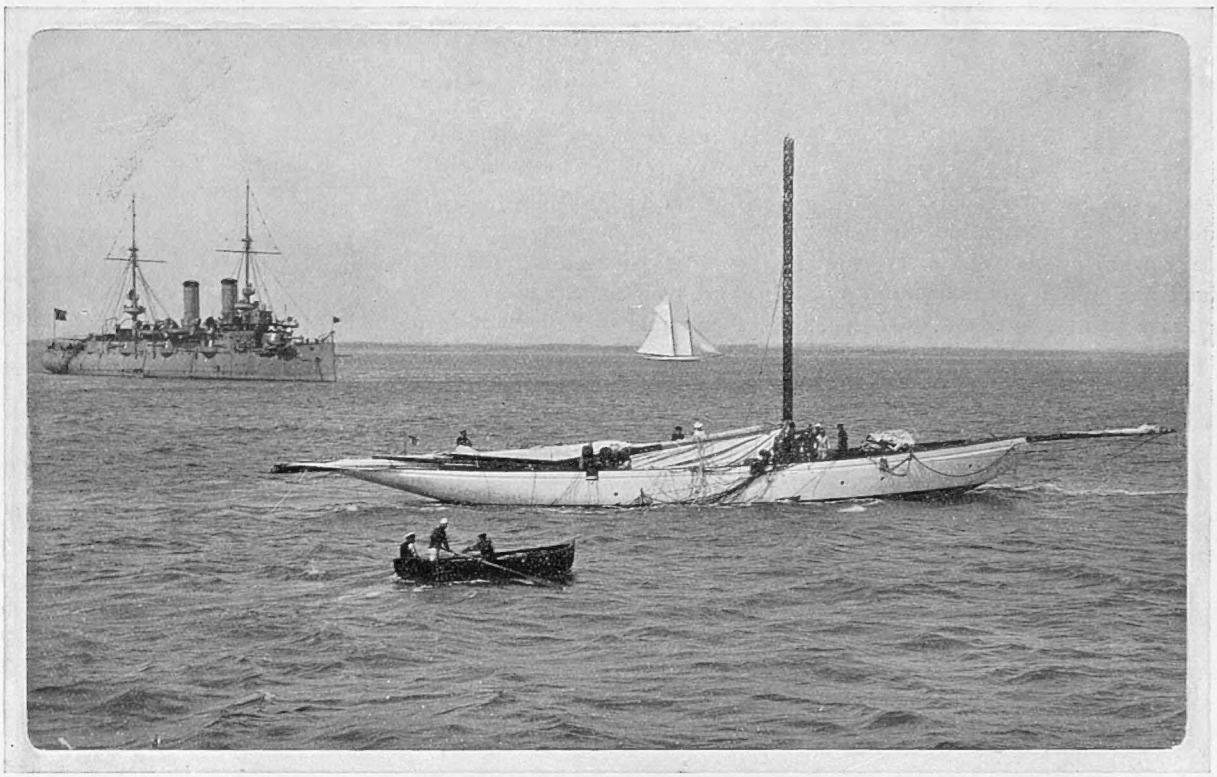
HALF a guinea is an outrageous sum to pay for a single stall.—PHILIP SIDNEY in *Broad Views.*



Photos] The Lost Leviathan: H.M.S. "Montagu" as she now appears off Lundy Island *[Illustrations Bureau*

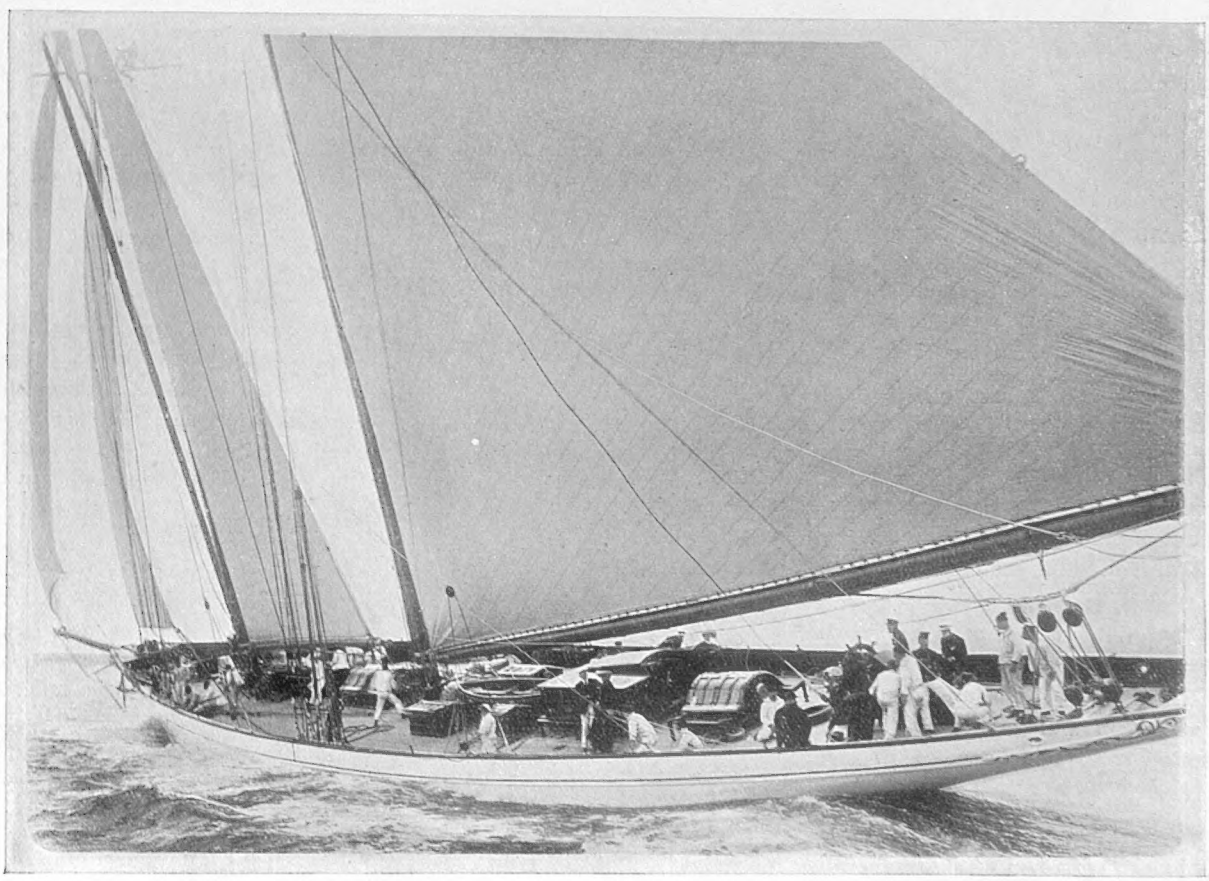
After many attempts have been made to salve the *Montagu*, it has at last been decided to relinquish the project, and, after the removal of her guns, etc., the vessel will be left to her fate. During the court-martial on the *Victory* last week, the engineers told a most thrilling story of their experiences when the vessel struck

Two Unique Yachting Snapshots



The "Merrymaid" loses her mainmast

One of the most exciting incidents at Cowes this year was during the Town Regatta, when the mainmast of Mr. Terry's, cutter, *Merrymaid*, was carried away in a strong puff of wind in the Roads. Fortunately nobody was injured, though, of course, the yacht was disabled for the race



Photos *Parker*

The Kaiser's yacht at Ryde Regatta

The Kaiser's yacht, *Meteor*, which was successful at Cowes, transferred its activities to Ryde later on, where she raced in the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's Regatta, much to the interest of spectators, this being her first appearance in the schooner's race She was, however, defeated, the prize going to *Cetonia*

Hints to Hostesses

Having particular reference to the art of giving dinner parties in Town or out.

Dinner-parties are an abominable institution, and I, for one, will be no party to them. I prefer the dinner without the party. Still, one cannot but recognise that they are popular. Some people seem to think that if they do not dine out, the race will die out.

Your most distinguished guest is usually placed on your right. If you wish to make the party a success, you should previously get on the right side of the cook.

If your cook is not very good, write the menu in French. The "*à la*" portion of dishes covers a multitude of culinary sins.

THE MUG (*after a sudden list*): "I say, what idiot was it said that about water always finding its own level?"

In order to ensure that your maid does not spill any soup over your guests' clothes, choose mock-turtle soup; it never turns turtle. There is no harm, however, in spilling some soup over the clothes of a business man; he would be always glad of a good turn-over.

Do not exasperate your guests by giving them spring soup in September. The soup should be in season and seasoning in the soup—but only a *soupçon*.

You can avoid sitting thirteen at a table by calling it a baker's dozen.

If a guest asks for jelly and you give him—jelly. That's serving him right.

An entrée is quite unnecessary. By inviting your guests you have already given them an entrée.

If there is a heated altercation taking place between your guests, bring forth your cheapest Tarragona, on the principle of "any port in a storm."

If the ice-pudding has begun to melt, give your guests an icy stare; perhaps that will remedy matters.

See that your fish is sufficiently fresh to avoid the insinuation that it is the Catch of *last* Season. Your game should not be so "high" that your guests can speak of it as "A Quaint Old Bird."

A German once offered his arm to his partner saying, "May I have de pleasure of leading you to de seat?" "To deceit?" answered the lady. "No, but you may take me in."

Although there has lately been a revival of plain fare, hostesses will find it an advantage to be fair rather than plain.

If you have any pretensions to influence in politics, you can give a party dinner. Otherwise, you can only give a dinner-party.

Try and be original in your conversation. For instance, if you are entertaining a statistician it would be *apropos* to tell him that, although your cook sometimes cuts a pretty figure, she cannot cook statistics.

A neat way of excusing your table appointments is to say that you like a gorge without being gorgeous.

Both on your menu and in your conversation avoid the common plaice.

(Our new cover design—see next week's issue)

To Our Readers

A FEW WORDS ABOUT OURSELVES.

With our next issue, dated August 29, THE BYSTANDER will be enclosed in a NEWLY-DESIGNED COVER, a facsimile (much reduced), of which appears above. I trust that it will speedily become as familiar to subscribers as that which has been in use for the last eighteen months.

The "Bystander Abroad" Competition

A NEW OFFER TO READERS

This competition, which as regular readers are aware, is one in which foreign residents are invited to send in photographs taken of THE BYSTANDER being read in distant remote parts of the world, and an example of which appears on page 395 of this issue, has proved so extraordinarily popular that I have decided to extend its scope, and to invest it with an even greater interest, I hope, to competitors and non-competitors alike.

"The Bystander" Everywhere

The photographs hitherto sent in have consisted chiefly of representations of the paper in the act of being read by someone abroad. Originality has, in general, been entirely lacking. To encourage originality I propose largely to increase the value of the prize offered, and the competition is *open to any reader anywhere*—either in the British Isles or abroad. Next week, I shall give a few hints as to the nature of the photographs which would be considered "original." All that is necessary to say now is that a

Prize of £10

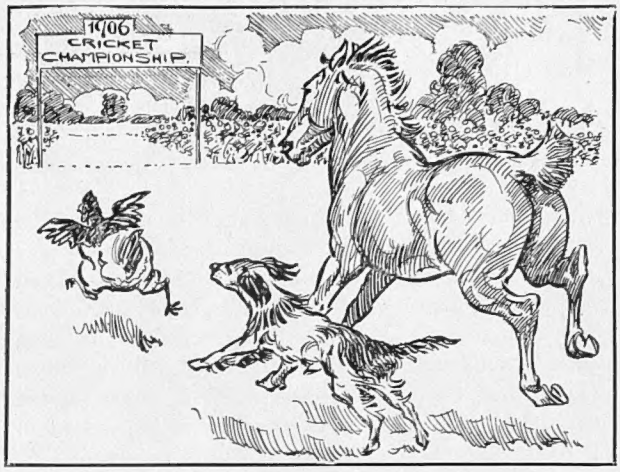
will be awarded for the photograph, selected from a period of three months, which, in the judgment of the editor, illustrates THE BYSTANDER in the most striking, or original position, and 10*s.* 6*d.* will be paid for every photograph published in this competition.

THE EDITOR.

N.B.—NEXT WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" HAS A NEW COVER

SEE ABOVE DESIGN.

The Topictator



A Fine Struggle

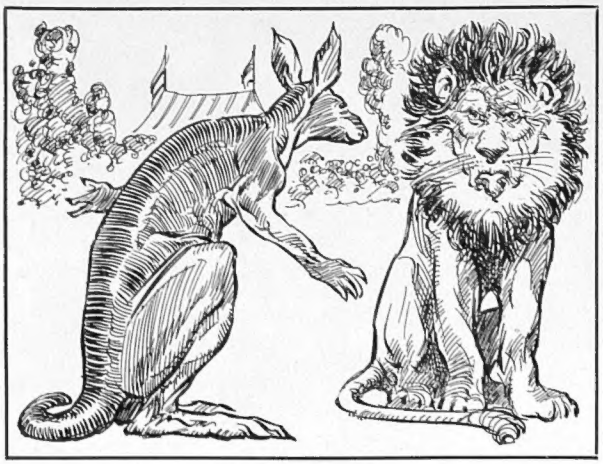
The Surrey fowl, the Yorkshire tyke, and the Kentish cob are running a close race for Championship honours

The Last Straw

The police have been handled somewhat roughly by the newspapers lately, but it seems rather hypercritical of the *Lancet* to complain that neither individually nor *en file* is the policeman a thing of beauty

The Cigar of Peace

"It is wonderful, Uncle Edward (*puff*) to think how easily (*puff*) and withal how delightfully (*puff, puff*) we can soothe the minds (*puff*) of our two great nations—I thank you"



Match Abandoned

(The M.C.C. have finally decided not to send a team to Australia this autumn)

THE KANGAROO: "Oh, I say, don't be so magnificently obstinate—come out and have a game"

Are We a Nature Loving People?

(The "Daily Graphic" is discussing the above question, apropos of which we append the following real conversation)

"You have a fine view from here"
"Dessay—but if all them there trees was cut down you could see the noo work'us a treat'

ROUND THE TOWN

Valparaiso

The earth has, it seems, not yet wholly recovered from its bad attack of the tantrums. The 'Frisco fury of the spring has been followed by an outbreak of identical kind "down under" at Valparaiso, and, as in the case of the Californian capital, Chili's metropolis has suffered more from the ravages of fire than from the seismic shocks. Valparaiso, however, is not U.S.A., and will be less easily able to recover from its punishment than 'Frisco was, through the munificence of American millionairedom. Here, then, is an opportunity for those generous British souls to give the charitable aid which was so curtly refused by the American Government for its own city.

* * *

Diamonds

Were it not that the latest treasure-hunting expedition has such serious and solemn names on its list of promoters, or rather financiers, one would be inclined to look upon it rather in the light of a fairy-tale. A fairy-tale come true, it will indeed be, if, as is confidently expected, the *Xema*, on arriving at her secret destination, picks up diamonds, and brings them home and hangs them round the necks of the brave, if rather plunging, diamond-digging promoters. These include, first of all, two Scotchmen—Lord Ardwall, a Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland, and the Marquis of Tweeddale—and then Lord Aberdare, Prince F. Duleep Singh, Sir A. Conan Doyle, and Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne, while on the Collis Diamond Syndicate's (as it is called) Board of Directors are Sir Alexander Muir-MacKenzie, Bart., Captain Frederick Jackson, and Captain Hughes, R.N. The only detail about the expedition withheld from a palpitating public is the name and location of that island on the West Coast of Africa where the shiny stones lie hidden. As the capital of the Syndicate is £50,000, the brave treasure-hunters will, at least, not be handicapped by any lack of funds.

* * *

Friedrichshof

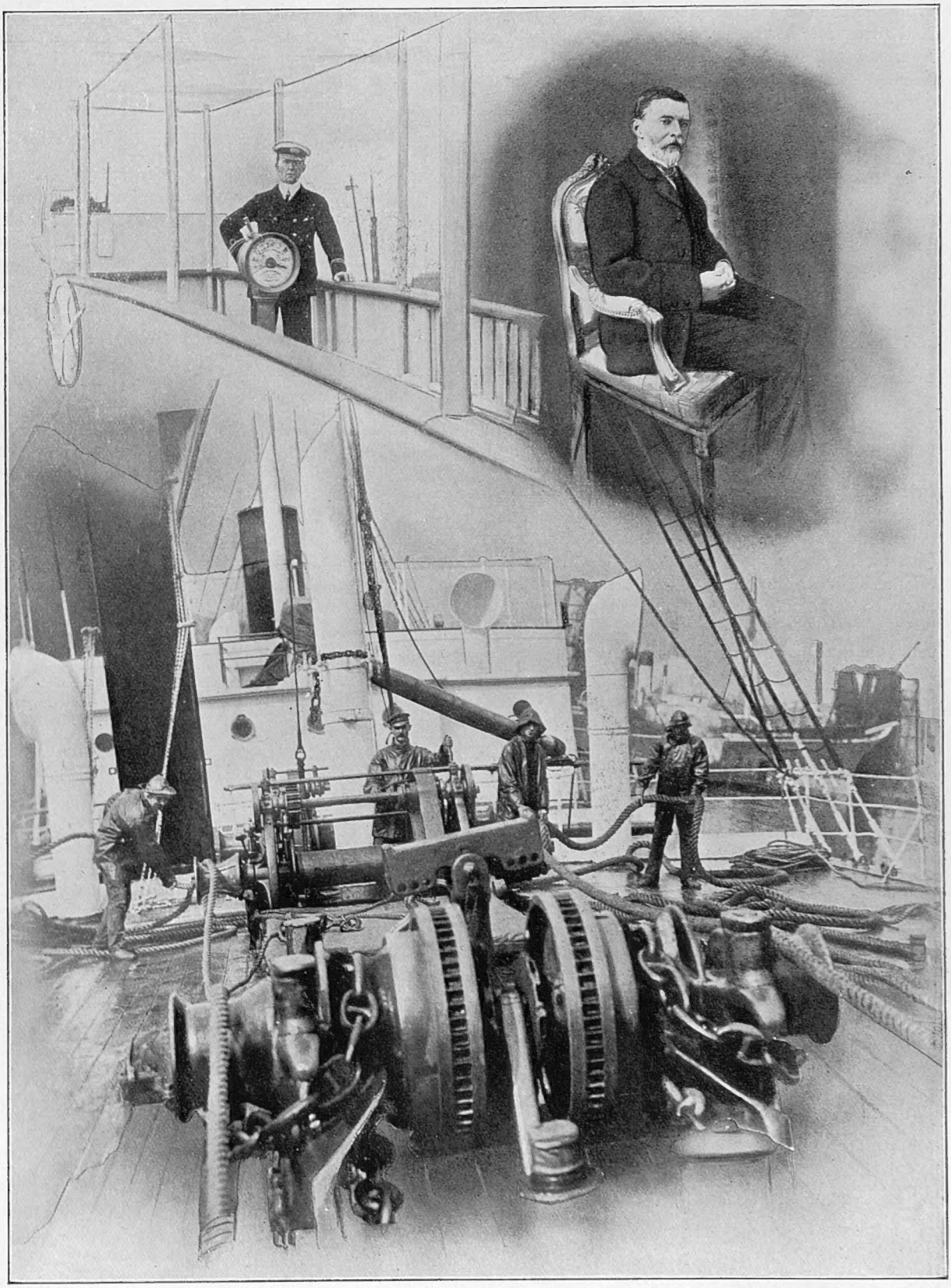
The King's visit to that portion of "Germany" which owns Wilhelm II. as its liege cannot, unfortunately, be called much more than a "look-in," and once again the German Press is, as it were, boiling over with coolness. That it will gravely affect the equilibrium of Europe

The Plaza de la Victoria, Valparaiso, which has been practically destroyed by fire after the earthquake last week

No longer "The Vale of Paradise," but, rather, "The Vale of Destruction," Valparaiso, the chief city of Chili, is now said to be partly in ruins. Like San Francisco, Valparaiso was one of the chief ports on the Pacific seaboard of America, and both within a few months have been devastated

The Latest Treasure Quest

THE GOOD SHIP "XEMA" AND THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER VOYAGE



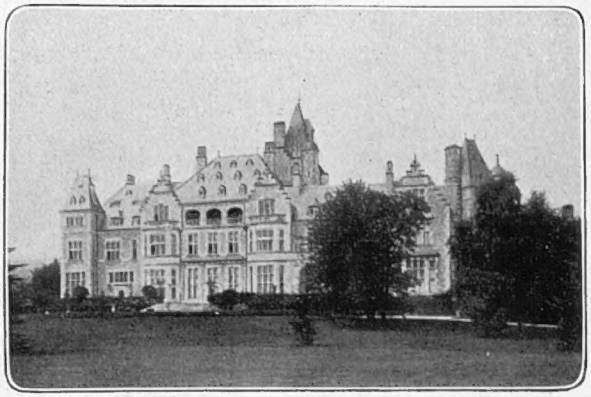
Photos *Halftones and Them on*

On board the treasure hunting ship "Xema"

The vessel is making a voyage to a mysterious island off the coast of Africa, whereon diamonds are said to be as numerous as pebbles. She left Cardiff on Sunday last, with Captain H. J. T. Grey in command (first photograph), and Lord Aberdare, one of the chief shareholders and promoters of the venture as a passenger (second photograph). The third picture shows the crew at work on the boat. Interested in the venture, besides Lord Aberdare, are the Earl of Albemarle, Prince Dhuleep Singh, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

The King in Both the German Empires

is unlikely—that "equilibrium" being quite good enough for Britain as it finds us at present. Certainly, anybody who anticipates that an orgie of gush will supersede our recent stiffness towards the Fatherland must have a strange and original standpoint in International politics. Neither we nor the Germans want it, and certainly it would be sad fickleness towards the French even to think of dispensing our embraces elsewhere so soon after Portsmouth and Brest. If, however, Briton and Teuton can do without each other's kisses, there is no need to exchange kicks. With the Russian situation set permanently to danger point, and with a threatened dynastic crisis in Turkey (should Abdul Hamid's illness not follow a satisfactory course), it is plain to everybody that any smouldering sparks of ill-feeling between the British and German Empires might leap to flame in an instant. If the meeting of the Monarchs, therefore, has been nothing more than "How-d'you-do?" answered by a "quite well, thank you," the world is the potential gainer.

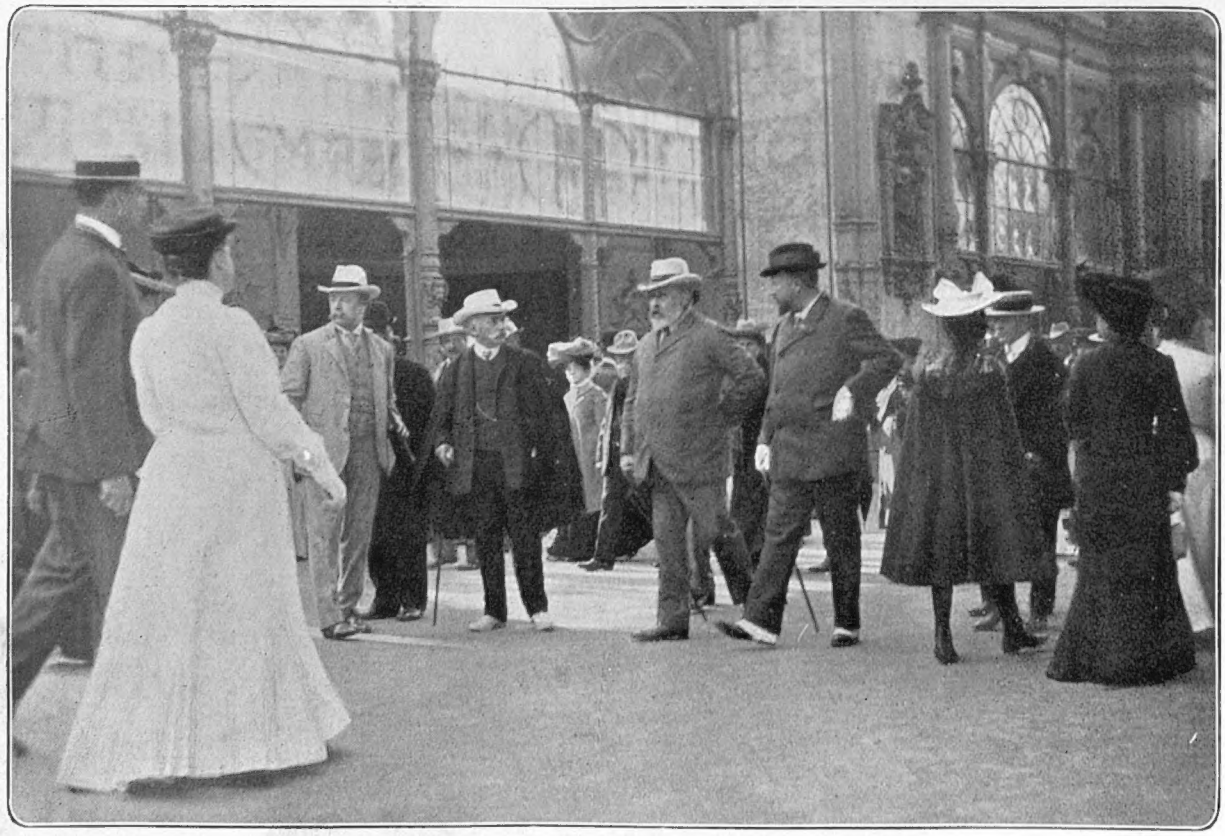


The King in Germany: Friedrichshof Castle, Cronberg, where he met the Kaiser

The Castle, which is in the neighbourhood of Cronberg, is famous as being the residence of the late Empress Frederick, who purchased it in 1888, and spent the remaining years of her life there. It is a dignified building in the German Renaissance style, has a splendid park adjacent to it, and is stocked with works of art gathered by the late Empress

The King and His Premier

If I am wrong in my surmise that the visit was of this passive nature—and I do not profess to have been hiding under the seat of the Terrace at Friedrichshof during that matutinal hour's conference—and that it has, after all, had a high political purpose, it is a happy circumstance that the King has his Prime Minister so handy, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman being at Marienbad to receive any instructions his Royal master may vouchsafe. The Premier, in fact, is an older Marienbad-ite than his Majesty, having taken the cure there annually for a quarter of a century. It was the meeting twixt the King and "C.B." at Marienbad last year, it will be recalled, which set the question as to who should be Mr. Balfour's successor at Downing Street once for all at rest, and his bitterest enemy will not begrudge the Premier any smiles of retrospective triumph that may wreathe his face when he thinks of the difference in status between "C.B." in August of 1905, and the same "C.B." in 1906.



The King in Austria: A morning stroll at Marienbad

In spite of the elaborate precautions to secure the privacy of the King, and to discourage the curiosity of the crowd, the King still has a partiality for a stroll on the Brunnen Promenade. It is, therefore, expected that, unless the attentions of the public are too pointed, the King will be more prone to take a stroll on the public route than on the private path laid out for his use beneath the Ferdinands Brunnen

Friedrichshof's Flowery Ways

Paths in the rose garden of the Palace where the King and Kaiser met last week

It is to be hoped that politics were aided by Nature in the recent Imperial meeting, as the paths of the garden above shown are literally strewn with roses, their bushes meeting in a series of exquisite circles across the paths—truly ways which could not but be emblematical of Peace. Close to Friedrichshof, and lying in beautiful woodland scenery, is the ancient town of Cronberg, on which, but five hundred years ago, the Frankfurters rode with lances and battle-axes, only to be driven back by the knightly, but brigand-like, inhabitants

The Religious Rest Cure at Newport (Maine)

The Resting of the American Smart Set

Newport (Maine) loves a duchess, especially one of American manufacture, and so it is looking forward with intense satisfaction to the contemplated visit to its shores of the Duchess of Marlborough and her children. The Duchess, last summer, so much enjoyed her trip to her native land—the first for quite a number of years—that she determined then to repeat the trip this season, and at Newport it is expected that her presence will be the excuse for gaieties unusual even in that gay retreat of the gay world of America.

Newport, of course, is the summer home of the American Smart Set, and, by the same token, the home of extravagance in thought, word, and deed. It endeavours, most summers, as its fair and other patrons would say, to provide a new sensation both for itself and for the world. This year, doubtless determined, with the true Transatlantic spirit, not to be outdone by Farm Street, whose fame has been widely circulated on their side, they have adopted what is termed a "Religious Rest Cure." With the charming inconsequence which, we have been taught, is the divine prerogative of the American ruler-in-chief—Woman—Roman Catholics and Protestants alike and together have been in retreat under a Jesuit Father, who has daily delivered lectures on humility and the other virtues. The Retreat only lasted a week. It will be obvious, when I say that silence and early rising were essential parts of the programme, that it couldn't possibly have lasted longer! The days, in fact, were devoted to meditation, lectures, and that complete immunity from the social life which is said to be such a fine thing for the complexion. Participants in the Retreat, indeed, are said to have risen, like Venus from the waves, abundantly refreshed, beautified, and rejuvenated from this new form of rest cure, and ready to plunge once again with renewed vigour into that vortex of gaiety which is part and parcel of the exclusive Newport season. The Retreat, I need hardly say, was limited to the members and leaders of the Smartest Set, Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt, Mrs. Harry Havemeyer, Mrs. Harry Lehr, and the Countess Leary being amongst its originators, but it has caught on tremendously, and, amongst those few to whom questions of economy appeal, it is recognised that the "Retreat Habit" may save many a pound in complexion washes and the like.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

The Duchess of Marlborough

Who has gone, with her children, to Newport (Maine), the seaside resort of American fashion, which is now also the centre of a "Religious Rest Cure"

A Caravan on Exmoor

To travel in a van at the rate of about three miles an hour, when motors and balloons are so handy, seems, to say the least of it, slow, though the opportunities of seeing the country-side are quite unrivalled. Anyhow, in this fashion have Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor been travelling across Exmoor. Starting from Chester and working down through part of Wales to Hereford, the Wye Valley, Gloucester, Bradford-on-Avon, Wells, Bath, and Glastonbury, they arrived at Porlock Weir, their destination, three weeks after their start from Cheshire, and stayed there for about a week. Troubles in plenty, of course, accompanied them. Hills—some of them all but insurmountable—were, it seemed, far more common than plains. One of them, Crow Hill by name, on the way to Hereford, was declared by the country folk to be unclimbable. However, they climbed it, steep and long though it was, and found, when they got to the top, that all the cottagers—in the time-honoured fashion of yokels—were at their doors watching the struggle up. Farmers, too, were troublesome. Camping on the side of the road is not allowed, and few farmers were willing to allow them to camp on their fields for the night, so, as gipsies and vans of all kinds are warned off even the commons, they sometimes had to go many miles before they found a farmer willing to allow them to camp on his ground.

* * *

Crossing Exmoor

On the moor itself, the vans and their occupants encamped on a farm belonging to John Ridd, a descendant of the Ridd in "Lorna Doone," and after that the worst of the troubles began. The hills were worse than ever, and the roads on the moor very bad, nothing but loose stones. One hill was so steep that the little van got stuck and had to stand, almost perpendicularly, waiting until the big chain-horse from the big van came down and helped it. In an evil moment, too, Lord and Lady Arthur decided to come down from Exmoor by a by-road, a decision regretted before they had travelled half-way down, for the roads were too awful and too steep for words, and the vans progressed perpendicularly downwards instead of upwards. Flies on the wall were positively nothing to it! So steep was one hill that all the pots and pans undid themselves from their hooks under the van and flung themselves on the road, and an overhanging branch knocked the chimney off the baby van. However, no very serious damage was done, and the

The Caravan Cure

LORD AND LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR'S SOJOURN ON EXMOOR

Preparing the horses for the day

Climbing a stony moorland track near Exford

Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor harnessing up after the mid-day halt

At Rest: The traveller's camp near Newcut

A typical Exmoor trout stream

Among the many "cures" now being tried by victims of the London season is the "caravan cure"—taken not in the Egyptian desert, but across the open spaces of Britain itself. Above are some photographs of the caravan trip of Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor across Exmoor, which wild region they reached after an arduous and adventurous journey from their home in Chester

Dublin Preparing for Show Week

return journey, keeping strictly to the high road, was through the loveliest country. Dulverton, approached through the Valley of the Exe, Taunton, Frome, Trowbridge, and Devizes, then Leamington by Moreton-on-the-Marsh, Warwick, and Coleshill, where the pillory still stands in the street, and after that, for miles, only smoke and chimneys until Stafford was reached, and so home.

* * *

Ireland's Week

That, in order to see beautiful horses and still more beautiful women in perfection, it is necessary to go to Dublin for the Horse Show Week is an axiom which has grown into nothing less than gospel. I am told that the exhibition of the former this year is to be the greatest ever held by the Royal Dublin Society, over a thousand horses having been entered for competition in the riding and hunting classes alone, while as to the latter, have not Britain's fairest daughters been streaming into the Emerald Isle for weeks?

At Viceregal Lodge, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, with a new daughter-in-law to present to the world, have a large house-party. Though their Excellencies' disapproval of racing is well known, yet everyone (including the house-party) expects them to turn up at Leopardstown and Phœnix Park in full state, and they are both so pre-eminently sensible that they seldom allow their personal opinions to colour their actions in any way. To-day, however, they are attending a festival much more to their taste, the first of the Horse Show Week festivities. It is a garden-party at Powerscourt, Lord and Lady Powerscourt's beautiful place near Bray. Lord and Lady Powerscourt, who are amongst the most popular members of the Irish Court, have been very busy for weeks helping to organise the fête in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society in the picturesque grounds of Kilruddery, Lord and Lady Meath's place, on Saturday.

Photo *Keturah Collings*

Lady Powerscourt

Who is holding the first of the Dublin Horse Show functions, in the shape of a garden-party at Powerscourt, near Bray

* * *

The Chance for Charity

Charity entertainments, indeed, find it greatly to their advantage to "get themselves performed," as they would say over there, during the Irish week, for plenty of money, lots of good-nature, and an ability to enjoy oneself even at a bazaar or any other form of boredom inflicted in the sacred cause of charity, are absolutely indispensable adjuncts of the day. Lord Shaftesbury is another popular soul who is immolating himself for the cause. He is organising a concert in aid of the Countess of Dudley's pet scheme—the fund for district nurses in the poorest districts of Ireland—and this entertainment is to take place on the first day of the Horse Show, next Tuesday. Lord Shaftesbury, like another Irish earl, Lord Bellew, has a beautiful voice, and both he and his sister, Lady Maud Warrender, are to sing at the concert. Another big house-party will be that given by Lord Iveagh, who has just presented the city of Dublin with new markets, and whose daughter-in-law, Lady Gwendolen Guinness, will, it is hoped, entertain as prodigally in Ireland as she has done during the past season in London. It is a fact that nothing seems to annoy the Dublinites more than to read in the Society papers of the entertainments of such and such an Irish hostess in London. Their argument is that if only these ladies would entertain on the same scale in Ireland as they do in London, the cry of poverty would not be so much heard in the land, not to speak of the cry of those people who want entertainments given for them.

* * *

Lady de Clifford—Owner

Lady de Clifford, who, it will be remembered, deserted, at the end of last year, the stage for married life and a title some six or seven centuries old, has lost no time in becoming a real Irishwoman. At the Curragh Race Meeting the other day, her horse, Electric Rose, was the favourite of her race, but she failed to win, so was promptly sold. At the same Meeting, Lord de Clifford's horse came in first in the race for His Majesty's Plate. In racing under her own name, Lady de Clifford follows the Irish custom. In England, most of the women who own and run race-horses do so under an assumed name, and that, as a rule, a masculine one.

* * *

The Double Event

In a roundabout kind of way, there is a certain appropriateness in the Knight of Kerry—Sir Maurice Fitz-Gerald—having won both the King's and the Kaiser's Cups with his yacht *Satanita* at Cowes. Sir Maurice was for many years Equerry to the Duke of Connaught, and he is married to a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bischoffsheim, who, though German by birth, have yet made England the country of their adoption, and the place to spend their money in, Bute House, their magnificent residence in South Audley Street, being the great centre of Society's finest entertainments. Lady Fitz-Gerald, however, unlike her mother, prefers a country life to a town one, and

The Knight of Kerry's Cowes Triumph

though she has often entertained the King at Severals, their place at Newmarket, like her father, who is both millionaire and philanthropist, she prefers the simpler joys of the country to those of the world of fashion. Next year, however, it is probable she will become a more prominent figure in Society, for her daughter, Miss Louise Nesta Fitz-Gerald, at present the typical wild Irish girl, will make her *début*. Sir Maurice himself, of course, is a great sportsman. Yachting and racing are his chief recreations — he once rode to victory the winner of the Grand Military Steeplechase at Punchestown — but he also served for twenty years in the Rifle Brigade, and fought in Ashanti under Sir Archibald Allison. The title of which he and his daughter are most proud is that of Knight of Kerry, of which he is the twentieth representative. His baronetcy, of course, is a comparatively new creation, but his Kingship of Kerry, duly recognised by real Royalty, dates back to the thirteenth century. His ancestors held land in Ireland before the days of the English occupation, and one, John Fitz-Thomas Fitz-Gerald, Earl of Decies and Desmond, as County Palatine, conferred on his three sons the titles of the White Knight, the Knight of Glyn, and the Knight of Kerry. The first has died out, but the two latter remain and flourish, and still make their homes in the romantic seat of their forefathers.

Lady de Clifford

Who has become an Irish race-horse owner (in her own name), her Electric Rose having run recently at Curragh. Lady de Clifford was formerly known at the Vaudeville Theatre as Miss Eva Carrington

Photo *Halfeones, Ltd.*

A prize-winning Irish yachtsman

Sir Maurice and Lady Fitz-Gerald, with the Kaiser's Cup won by the *Satanita*. Sir Maurice, who holds the ancient title of "Knight of Kerry," won both the King's Cup and the Kaiser's Cup with *Satanita*, at Cowes lately, a feat never before accomplished at the great Regatta

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Society and Grouse Shooting

The weather was unfavourable for the opening of the grouse-shooting season, but conditions have improved, and, taking one report from the North with another, it is obvious that the anticipations of a bad season are not going to be altogether realised. On the majority of Scotch moors the bags have not, contrary to predictions, been appreciably below the average, while in several instances better results have been obtained than for some years past. Of the success of the season, from the social standpoint, there cannot be the smallest question. Indeed, there never is, for the grouse calls irresistibly to the sportsman who can find the time for the sojourn in the North country. Perth station, the chief of the centres for the moors, has presented some extraordinary scenes of activity during the past fortnight. Extensive as the accommodation is at Perth, the platform has been simply ablaze with life and excitement on the arrival of trains from the South.

* * *

Society's Sporting Holiday

Enthusiastic folk bound for various lodges, keepers in kilts and keepers in corduroys, porters tearing along with high-laden barrows, gun-cases and fishing-baskets galore, scores of dogs barking loudly in their boxes. It is a memorable picture, and one unparalleled in sport. Society is taking a great sporting holiday, and it is hey! for the bracing air of the moors and the exhilarating work with the wild birds of the heather. Indifferent shots can obtain far more fun with the grouse over dogs than with partridge or pheasant later in the year. That is one reason for the great popularity of grouse shooting, and where the getting together of the best marksmen possible is not the primary consideration, the task of making up pleasant parties is considerably lightened. Life in and about the shooting lodges is very enjoyable just now, and the jolliest time of all is the hour for the *al fresco* luncheon, when the guns are joined by the ladies.

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Royalty on the Moors

The Prince of Wales is one of the keenest grouse shooters living. More than that, he is an extraordinarily good shot, and a source of strength to every party of guns he joins. His Royal Highness opened the season, not at

Autumn Weddings Under Weigh

Studley Royal, as was at one time intended, but at Bolton Abbey, from whence excellent sport has been had over the Duke of Devonshire's moors. The seven guns out on the 13th comprised the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Stanley, Lord Lurgan, Sir Charles Cust, Mr. Richard Cavendish, and Mr. Arthur Sassoon, and the bag for the day totalled 320 brace. Mr. Sassoon is not disturbing his fine Tulchan moors in Inverness-shire until the end of the month, when he will have the honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales.

* * *

Holiday Engagements

Probably more Society engagements are announced during the last weeks of the season than during the whole of the rest of the year put together, a fact which, to speak as of the earth earthily, is, at any rate, good for trade, for it necessitates an autumn season. October, so I am told, is as charming a month to buy Paris trousseaux and to be married in as 1s June to get engaged in, so this October will see many weddings in Town. Two Army engagements are announced. One is that of Lady Kitty Ogilvy, the pretty daughter of Lady Airlie—a friend of the Princess of Wales and one of her Ladies-in-Waiting—to Captain Vincent, a gunner, and A.D.C. to Lieut.-General Sir Ian Hamilton, from whose place at Tidworth the engagement was announced. Lady Airlie is delighted that her daughter is marrying a soldier. Captain Vincent saw service all through the Boer war, in which her own dashing soldier-husband fell while leading his regiment into action at Diamond Hill in 1900, and he was also with the China Expeditionary Force.

The second Service engagement is that of Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes, twin daughter of Lord Crewe, and Captain Clive Coates, 15th Hussars, and A.D.C. to the Viceroy of Ireland. In this case, too, the "chief's" house was the stage where all the plans were laid, for, during the Irish Viceregal season in the Spring, Lady Celia was a visitor at Dublin Castle.

* * *

Two Ex-Governors of South Australia

An office of very great antiquity and respectability is the Hereditary Knight Marischalship of Scotland, held by the Earl of Kintore, who, in common with his successor in the Governorship of South Australia—Lord Tennyson—has just celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday. Lord Kintore is first and foremost a sportsman. With Lord Balfour of Burleigh he bears the proud reputation of being the best shot north of the Tweed, and is possessed of an inventive faculty which he puts to account by designing all manner of weird mechanical contrivances, useful and otherwise. Of Lord Kintore's family, too, the historical associations are intensely interesting. The earldom was given them as a reward for the first lord's zeal in preventing the regalia of Scotland from falling into the hands of that strenuous opponent of baubles, Cromwell, and it is said of a still earlier representative of the ancient family of Keith that so vast were his possessions that he could travel from Berwick-on-Tweed to John o' Groats, and sleep every night on his own land. The present lord, who, by the way, is just now very elated at having won his salmon case in the Lords, and reduced to pulp the *commerçants* who dared to pollute his waters for the benefit of their money-bags, but to the detriment of his lordship's salmon, is married to the former Lady Sydney Montagu, whose verses and whose charitable deeds are of wide repute.

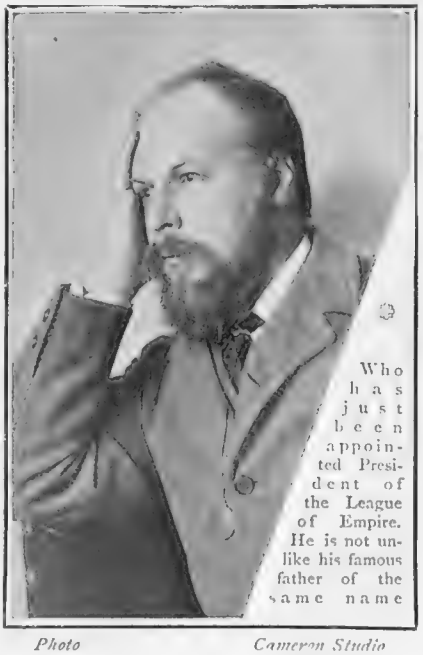
Who has just won an important case on Salmon Fishing Rights in the Lords

Photo *G. Brown, Inverurie*

The Earl of Kintore

TWO EX-GOVERNORS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WHO BOTH CELEBRATED THEIR FIFTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAYS LAST WEEK

Lord Tennyson



Who has just been appointed President of the League of Empire. He is not unlike his famous father of the same name

Photo *Cameron Studio*

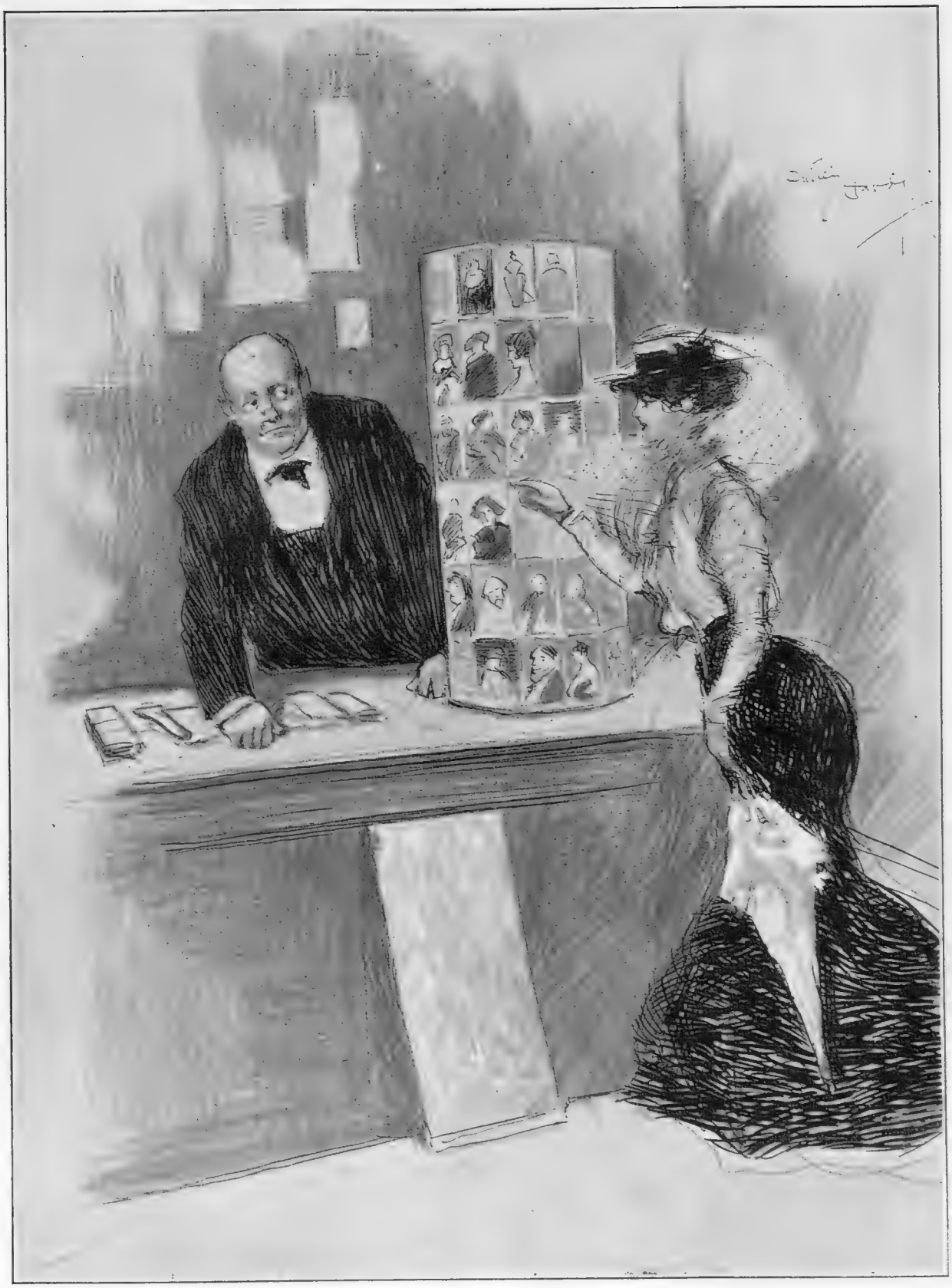
* * *

Their Two Most Notable Acts

In connection with Lord Kintore's Governorship of South Australia, the public probably remembers best that he is the only Governor who so far departed from precedent as to cross Australia from Adelaide in the South to Port Darwin in the North. His successor, Lord Tennyson, immortalised his tenancy of the Governorship by presenting to Adelaide the original manuscripts of some of his father's poems. Lord Tennyson himself makes no bid for poetic fame—he is a country gentleman pure and simple—but he did once write, in the Colony, a patriotic poem of no mean merit, and he has just been elected President of the League of Empire in the place of Lord Strathcona, who has resigned. His resemblance to his nobly visaged father is quite noticeable, despite the great temperamental difference between the two men.

BYSTANDER.

What It Has Come To!



INSIDE A PICTURE POSTCARD SHOP

FAIR BARGAINER: "Please, I want a Hayden Coffin, two Henry Ainleys, two Basil Gills, one Martin Harvey, half a dozen Lewis Wallers, and if you give thirteen for a shilling, I'll have an Alexander"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

A Centenary

On the 15th of this month the Arc de Triomphe celebrated its hundredth birthday, and I am happy to say that time has dealt gently with the structure, which, if we are to believe the chief architect of the city, is strong and hardy. Inaugurated on August 16, 1806, by the first Napoleon, the edifice soon became popular, especially with English tourists, who, up to this day, never fail to climb the many stairs to admire the panorama of Paris. It has been the scene of curious adventures; and one that befel a lady of my acquaintance will always remain with me. The lady, a middle-aged spinster, had come to Paris to see the Exhibition of 1900. It was her first visit to the capital, and she did not understand nor speak a word of French. Being what her brother called "a new woman," she disregarded our advice, and started to view the sights, promising to be back in time for luncheon. When, however, towards nine in the evening she had not returned, we became seriously alarmed, and went to the Police Commissary in our district. "Is the lady good-looking?" was that gentleman's first question. "Never mind her looks," replied her brother, "there is no danger of that sort. She must have met with an accident!" The night passed; and still no sign of her. Towards eight o'clock the following morning she at last made her appearance, but in what a state. Dishevelled, her eyes red with crying, she told us that she had spent the day in the Exhibition, and before going home mounted to the top of the Arc de Triomphe. Towards dusk she heard the attendants call out: "*On ferme*," but in her ignorance of the language did not know it was the French for closing time. Somehow or other the men did not see her, and when she wanted to descend she found the doors locked, and had to spend the night on the platform. Fortunately it did not rain. As her brother remarked, she went up a "new woman," and came down an old one.

The latest portrait of Méva, taken at Cobourg

Méva, the apostle of the Simple Life, is now at the seaside, and is shortly visiting Brighton, where he hopes to make many converts

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Not Patronised by Parisians

Parisians do not, as a rule, patronise the Arc, except those who, tired of their life, put an end to it by throwing themselves on to the pavement below. When such an incident occurs—and it happens pretty often — information is given to the Police Commissaries in whose district the man has fallen—for the four sides of the monument face four different *arrondissements*. A few years ago, a gang of pickpockets infested the stairs and the platform, but a posse of detectives took possession of the place and soon swept it clean. A few patriots proposed to celebrate the anniversary of the Arc de Triomphe by a popular fête, but the plan did not meet with any response.

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A Police Strike

There is unrest in the camp of the Paris policemen. The *gardiens de la paix*—as they are called here—want to constitute a syndicate, and the Prefect of Police, not unnaturally, is strongly opposed to the men resorting to any measure of coercion towards the authorities. Then a cry was raised, "The policemen intend to strike!" Strangely enough, this did not raise any alarm; and an old citizen even remarked, "I thought they had struck long ago!" It was a grim joke, and very much to the point. We have in our good city about ten thousand policemen, all of them tried men, heavy-fisted, and who, thanks to the lessons in jiu-jitsu, are great, both in attack and defence. Riots are not unfrequent in Paris. Within the last ten years we have had the Boulanger trouble, the Dreyfus affair, the strikes, and, quite recently, the Church inventory demonstrations; and each time we have seen them at work, a handful of them, attacking large crowds and dispersing them with apparent ease. If Holy Russia possessed such a body of men they could dispense with their Cossacks, and save unnecessary bloodshed. In this respect the *Sergot* is even superior to his English colleague. But here the comparison ends. Once order is established, our policeman takes things at his ease, and he becomes blind to everything that happens in the streets. The worst characters congregate in our thoroughfares at nighttime, and every morning we hear of robberies committed wherein the knife often plays an important part. The whole system is wrong; and should the Paris policemen carry out their intention and strike in

a body, the best thing the authorities could do would be to replace them by men who will prove a better protection to the belated citizen.

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French Seaside Resorts

A French seaside place has many attractions beyond bathing and gambling. There is always something interesting to see in the neighbourhood; some old château with a legend, or a stream where remarkable fish have been caught. But beyond these, far ahead of them, is the weekly market in the *grande place*, within a stone's throw of the Casino and fashionable promenade. Everything is within a stone's throw of everything in these amusing little French places, but for Parisians the few minutes' walk is too much. At nine o'clock, the village omnibus rumbles down the High Street and stops at the Grand Hotel —there is always a Grand Hotel—and in a moment is filled with smart-looking women, young girls in white, and as many children as can be squeezed in. Market day is one of the excitements of the week, and children must see everything — such is the present-day education. On the road, you meet ladies with their servants carrying baskets for the week's provisions, and parties of young people going to see the fun. For there is always fun in the way smart ladies, with the sweetest of Carlier or Reboux hats, barter for a pound of butter or look pleased when they have reduced the price of a chicken by twopence. The market women line the road with live produce, their bronzed old faces under neat white caps. In one hand they hold a pair of cackling geese, in another a basket of eggs, or butter, or fruit. They have brought their week's harvest, and must sell it before they return. A penny or twopence means much to them; but if the ladies could not barter they would not come, and the peasants are 'cute enough to know it. Everybody comes—some to buy laces, some to buy fruit, some to pick up a piece of old brass or pewter, some to flirt. And there is as much flirting in as out of market, believe me, on these busy Saturdays.

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Cobourg

On the sands at Cobourg, a fashionable little place beyond Trouville, the bathing is sensational. Men and women swim together, in costumes that display their figures to the utmost advantage; each trying to astonish the onlooker, seated beneath the striped red tents, working and gossiping. It is one of the amusements of the day to watch the bathing in this quaintly pretty place. A portion of what is called All Paris is here. Count Boni Castellane, with his children, interests the Americans. They look upon him, as he dines beneath the glass verandah of the Hotel like a curiosity, and note openly that he varies his perfume with his costume. Strange people, travelling Americans! They imagine their language is unknown across the Atlantic, and speak it at the top of their voices, wherever they be. Méva, the marvellous, is leaving us. He, too, has been a sensation for the modern American. Parisians know him, and have ceased wondering. He is now on his way to Brighton, where he expects to make converts and friends.

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How They Live

Parisians are lodged in the villas situated along the avenues that abound in this seaside place. For £20 a month they can find a cottage, not far from the sea, with a small garden, where they take their meals. It is somewhat primitive, but clean and comfortable. The apartment system, popular in England among the middle classes, is unknown. Those who cannot afford to pay £5 a week for their lodgings take a bedroom in a private house, and luncheon and dine in one of the numerous little restaurants, where a decent meal, cider included—for we are in Normandy—can be had for a few francs.

Laurence Alexander

On the sands at Cobourg

A little beyond Trouville, Cobourg is rapidly becoming fashionable with Parisians as a seaside resort. The bathing dresses worn there this season are nothing if not sensational in their colouring, much to the amusement and edification of the onlookers

SCENES FROM

"AMĀSIS"

NEW EGYPTIAN OPERA, WRITTEN BY FREDERICK FENN, COMPOSED BY P. M. FARADAY

AT THE NEW THEATRE

Amasis (*Miss Ruth Vincent*): "What is this dreadful secret? Confess!"

Prince Anhotep (*Mr. Roland Cunningham*): "It's most unspeakably ridiculous, but I'm afraid it's rather serious. I have killed one of the sacred cats"

Natis (*Miss Madge Vincent*) **sings to Psamtik** (*Mr. Perfitt*):

I'm so afraid to ask; oh, it's terrible to ask;
You are so very beautiful, and I'm so very plain.
I'm not good enough for you,
But what is a girl to do—
I may not get another chance again!

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Room for the sacred cats!

The "book" of the new Egyptian opera, written by Mr. Frederick Fenn in a delicate vein of humour, tells the love story of Prince Anhotep and the beautiful Amāsis. The Prince, in a moment of exasperation, has dropped a brick upon and killed one of the sacred cats. For this dire offence he is tried. Fortunately, circumstantial evidence against him is weak, owing to the effective manner in which he has disposed of the body of his victim. Moreover, the Court Embalmer accidentally kills himself with the tortures he has devised for the accused, and thus the feline spirit is appeased

"Amāsis" at the New Theatre

KING PHARAOH'S ENTRANCE

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Pharaoh (*Mr. Rutland Barrington*) enters and sings:—

Once Egypt was a dreary land, ruled by a dreary King;
An operatic Captain I, who made the welkin ring.
So to a desert region,
With a most unruly legion,
I was sent to quell some Arabs, and their wicked necks to wring—
'Twas just a forceful argument to teach me not to sing!

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Court Theatre (*Revisited*)

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"

In justice to dramatists, playgoers ought to cultivate the habit of going to see plays a second time. The most astute among them cannot possibly catch all the points of a play in one hearing. When a few months have passed, it is doubtful whether the average playgoer preserves more than the most blurred general idea of a play about which he may have raved. If you acquire this custom of renewing acquaintance with plays, you will be surprised how often the second visit adds to the regard which you have previously entertained for the play's merits. It is said that some actors, by force of appearing night after night in a play and so becoming familiarised with its most subtle points, acquire quite a respect for the author. But this statement may be exaggerated.

Pro-Shavian and Anti-Shavian

Now, of Bernard Shaw's produced plays, every one is worth the slight courtesy of a second visit. I am, at the moment of writing, in a Pro-Shavian mood. You know the Anti-Shavian humour. It is most unpleasant. You have Shaw on the nerves. His brilliance jars you; his wit touches you on the raw; his deft raising of false issues to obfuscate real issues lets loose the black dogs of irritation. He looms before you a twentieth-century Machiavelli, with a mission to sow false heresies in the fallow spaces of your mind.

The cause of this devilish mood (of yours) is that Shaw has caught you in an off moment, when your sense of humour was lulled and your Philistinism was on the rampage. With too many, this gruesome mood is the natural expression of their inmost feelings. In off moments they are gay dogs, who slap their thighs even at the philosophy of Shaw. Too often has Shaw caught the great army of Philistines when off their guard. A veritable Cassandra, I have, for long, prophesied an era of revolution which shall see Shaw reviled, for a breaker of images, as he has been honoured for a demi-god.

Miss Henrietta Watson (*Mrs. Clandon*) **Mr. Norman Page** (*Philip Clandon*) **Mr. Athol Forbes** (*Finch McComas*)

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Lillah McCarthy (*Gloria Clandon*) **Mr. Henry Ainley** (*Valentine*) **Miss Dorothy Minto** (*Dolly Clandon*) **Mr. Elmund Gurney** (*Fergus Crampton*)

SHAW STILL GOING STRONG: "YOU NEVER CAN TELL" AT THE COURT THEATRE

The meeting between Mrs. Clandon and her husband, after eighteen years separation

Photo *Stage Pictorial Publishing Co.*

Au revoir to "The Geisha" at Daly's Theatre

Four little Geisha musicians, Misses Broughton, Callen, McClory, and Dorme. The revival of this tuneful comic opera was so great a success that playgoers need have no fear that they have seen the last of it

Where Both are to Blame

You Never Can Tell is one of Shaw's earlier plays, but it has no savour of immaturity. Rather does it disclose in the author a laudable desire to tell, without too frequent diversion, a straightforward story. Latterly, he has been put off a "plot" by the distraction of his own "fireworks." This play is a little drama of married life, and you never can tell which of the two parties is chiefly to blame for the breaking of the contract. The dialogue is kept to the point. It never flies off at a tangent. When on the stage a player stalks down centre with a chair in his hand (that perilous piece of "business" of which ordinary playwrights fear to make use), what follows is not an airy flight into dialectics, but dialogue *à outrance* between the characters, bearing always upon the main points at issue between them. Thus, Mrs. Clandon, the Apostle of Woman's Rights, sits down meaningly to prove to the audacious young dentist, Valentine, that a mother's scientific training is proof against the very human methods he employs in making love to the daughter. When Valentine seats himself by the wilful Gloria Clandon it is to prove that, clever as she may be, she is no match for him in intellectuality. At the luncheon-party, when Fergus Crampton so strangely appears as the guest of his wife and children, the topic of conversation is confined to the temperamental forces which have divided the father from his family. Throughout the play the author has kept a bridle upon his intellect.

Shaw, the Actor-Maker

You Never Can Tell is the best, in that it is the most satisfactory, play Shaw has given us, and I do not care who disagrees with me. Whatever may be the ultimate verdict of the last playgoer upon Shaw, the profession must, perforce, raise a monument to his memory. He has given them a gallery of parts, every one of which makes the most severe tax upon their intellect. You may have grasped the fact that an actor may come equipped with the strongest weapon of his profession to-day—personality—and fail lamentably to play one of Shaw's characters. Mr. Henry Ainley is a young actor endowed with all those graces and pleasant mannerisms which make so strong an appeal to the feminine playgoer. If you wish to realise truly his capabilities as an actor, see him play Valentine. An actor is unable to run amok with the weapon of personality among the characters of a play by Shaw. The dramatist is more than a master for the actor, however strong his personality.

The Coliseum and Lyceum

At the commencement of the new season it is pleasant to learn that those two palatial houses of entertainment, the Coliseum and the Lyceum, will be exploited on lines which promise a new and brighter chapter in their history. That famous *entrepreneur*, Colonel Henry Mapleson, at the head of a Paris syndicate, acquires the Coliseum in order to give Grand Opera at popular prices all the year round. "What an opera house it would make," was a remark often heard, even before the variety entertainments, for which the house was built, had been put to the test. The new management certainly augurs well. The variety show likewise departs from the Lyceum, where melodrama, too long banished from the West End, will be presented in a manner which ought to recall the joyous days of the Princess's and the Adelphi.

E. C. S.

LAWN TENNIS PHRASE (ILLUSTRATED): LOVE-GAME!

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

Two dangerous positions

The man on the left is pointing his gun at the other, while his companion is leaning on the top of the muzzle of his gun—either of them being equally risky to life

Hints for the Shooting Field

(WITH SOME POETIC ADVICE AS TO THE AVOIDANCE OF ACCIDENTS)

By

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

A wrong and a right way

The wrong way to carry a gun—with stock held high and muzzle pointed low—is that of the man in front. The right position is that of his follower — stock well down, muzzle pointed high, and gun upside down on shoulder

Hopes for the Season

The shooting season is again with us; let us hope it is going to be up to the average.

It seems only as yesterday that we put away — with a sigh—our guns and magazines, our Harris tweeds, our well-beloved and well-greased boots, at the close of last season. Events seem somehow to tumble pell-mell over one another in their frantic haste to come round. Days, weeks, months—aye, even years—seem to gather pace in their flight, while "Father Time's" gentle touch thins our locks, turning them to silver. Time was when everything seemed to pass so slowly, and the long-looked-for "Twelfth" or "First" appeared to our ardent minds tardy in coming round. And how we all thought and dreamed of those glorious days when, as impetuous youths, we shouldered our guns and tramped with our dogs bravely o'er the dry, slippery, delightful heather, or, later on, squelched through icy soaking swedes. Do we love those days the less now? Are our feelings quite dead to the old enthusiasm of our youth? I think—I hope—not quite.

Perhaps we older ones take things a trifle more easily; the mountain must now come to Mahomet—we prefer the birds to come to us, rather than for us to go to them—"to-hoo-ing" old Ponto with warning hand, the while the intelligent creature stands and points, with fore-foot upraised, head, body, and tail elongated to its utmost limit, and rigid as a poker.

* * *

Dame Rumour on the Moors

Each season finds us reading reports from the moors, forecasts of sport to come—reports which are often utterly misleading. Following this comes, in due course, accounts of bags made, and we note who are the tenants of well-known places, and who their guests. And sometimes, as we read, we wonder! We wonder what the long since dead lairds would say or think, could they rise up and see what we read? And then very soon follows, unfailingly, reports of accidents, some of which are fatal, and some almost as bad. Can any reader remember a single season passing without noticing an "accident" of some sort or another in the shooting field? And how often are these "accidents" of precisely the same character?

* * *

Two Varieties of Accidents

There are two kinds of accident—one sort arises from no real fault of the "gunner," while the other is due entirely to him. Accidents can happen to anyone, and, in fact, do happen far too often to be pleasant. I do not refer to the bursting of a barrel—this is in a different category altogether. If, then, one is liable to be shot by the most careful of men, think, "ye gods," what the risks are when one has a careless person forming one of the party! And how often is this the case? It is usual to credit boys and youths alone with being the chief offenders in this respect, because they are unused to guns, or are carried away with excitement, and so fire promiscuously. In my long experience as a shooting man, I can honestly say I have never seen a boy or a youth shoot anyone yet, though I have seen the contents of *men's* guns deposited with great accuracy into the persons of other guests and keepers or unfortunate beaters with varying results. And I can speak feelingly, for I, too, have been well peppered myself by men who should have been the last to do such a thing.

The extraordinary part of it all is, these offenders are often good sportsmen—in other respects—and fine shots. I know personally one or two, in fact, noblemen, men whose names are household words in the sporting world, who would

(Continued on page 398)

THE SANDRINGHAM LINES

A Father's Advice

If a sportsman true you'd be
Listen carefully to me:—

Never, never let your gun
Pointed be at anyone;
That it may unloaded be
Matters not the least to me.

When a hedge or fence you cross,
Though of time it cause a loss,
From your gun the cartridge take
For the greater safety's sake.

If 'twixt you and neighbouring gun
Birds may fly or beasts may run,
Let this maxim e'er be thine,
"Follow not across the line."

Stops and beaters oft unseen
Lurk behind some leafy screen,
Calm and steady always be,
"Never shoot where you can't see."

Keep your place and silent be,
Game can hear and game can see;
Don't be greedy, better spared
Is a pheasant than one shared.

You may kill or you may miss,
But at all times think of this:
ALL THE PHEASANTS EVER BRED
WON'T REPAY FOR ONE MAN DEAD.

Photos

HINTS FOR THE SHOOTING FIE

Leonard Willoughby

LD: HOW TO AVOID ACCIDENTS

(*Continued from page 383*)

just as soon shoot one as not, utterly indifferent, I suppose, to what may happen, if anyone dares to be in their line of fire. Men of this sort will only be checked in their "feudal" ideas when some fine day they find their victim stretched out dead at their feet. There are also offenders who, though they will not be quite so "feudal" in their ideas and kill one in cold blood, will still "follow round" at low-flying birds, or blaze into a line of "drivers," or even straight into covert as the beaters get close up! —this with the utmost persistency and recklessness. And these are *men*, mark you, not youths or boys, men who fully believe themselves to be sportsmen, and will lay down the law, louder than anybody in the smoking-room, on all things connected with shooting. I have more sympathy—little as that may be—with the little wretch who picks up a gun and playfully points it at his sister, and threatens to shoot her—generally managing also to do so—than with the *bête noir* of the shooting-field, the irresponsible, excitable, and often jealous man.

* * *

Unavoidable Accidents

Accidents will happen at any moment from glancing shots, and I have seen pellets take such extraordinary directions after striking a stone or a branch—angles such as no one would for a moment credit. Such accidents are not preventable, they are the ordinary risks which must attend all shooting. At the same time, knowing that unforeseen accidents will so happen, it behoves us all—old and young alike—to be doubly careful, and never to take the smallest risks.

Hosts are frequently to blame in whom they invite to shoot, and, consequently, with them great responsibility rests. It is the duty of a host—no matter how unpleasant that duty may be—to at once check a careless guest. If the guest takes no notice, but continues his carelessness, it is imperative that one of two things be done, for the sake of men's lives: either to stop the shoot at once, or to request the offender to give up his gun. Such men should never be invited twice, no matter what their social—or financial—position may be, for a host who wilfully and knowingly invites a dangerous shot is morally responsible for manslaughter should an "accident" then occur, either to guests, keepers, or beaters.

* * *

Some Words of Advice

It may be said by readers of THE BYSTANDER that such remarks and advice as I have offered are quite unnecessary to address to *men*. I can only repeat, that it is men who are the chief offenders; men who ought to know better than mere tyros. Yet they themselves are often criminally culpable in the careless way they handle and fire off their guns. At the beginning of this article readers will find some verses which, though perhaps not of classic style, yet contain a great deal of thoroughly sound advice. These lines were written at Sandringham, and are entitled "A Father's Advice." If these were printed and put up in the smoking-rooms of country houses, where all guests could read them easily, I think we should hear less of "accidents" than at present, while fatal ones would doubtless be few and far between.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

BARBEL FISHING ON THE THAMES

Photo] **The old mill and its stream at Shiplake** [*Willoughby*

Shiplake is a favourite resort for Thames anglers, owing to its numerous backwaters and bye-streams. The mill above is picturesquely situated, and portions of it date from the fourteenth century

A Girl Being Taught to Shoot

Photo *W. C. Roberts*

PRACTICE AT WEST LONDON

Shooting practice, for the benefit alike of the novice and the practised shot, can be enjoyed as near London as Ealing, where, at the West London Shooting School, one can "pot" at clay birds ejected into the air by springs in action from the top of a tower, the birds representing pheasants flying down a hillside

A Roman Bath in London

The old Roman Bath, situated in Strand Lane, is of undoubted antiquity, and it is admitted that it dates back as far as the reign of Titus or Vespasian, if not from that of Julius Cæsar himself. Much of the original brickwork is still visible, and is well preserved; what is hidden has been plastered or tiled over to add to the comfort of present-day bathers.

Entrance to the Roman Bath in Strand Lane

Comparatively few Londoners know of the existence of the Old Roman Bath just off the Strand, opposite the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand. It is considered probable that it dates from the time of Julius Cæsar

August Bathers

Many people of note have doubtless used this bath at various times during its long history, although we have only a few of their names preserved. Among these are the Earl of Essex (on whose estate the bath then stood), and several of the other nobles of Elizabeth's reign; indeed, it has even been stated that the intrepid virgin Queen once, at least, plunged her fair form in its icy waters; but this lacks corroboration.

David Copperfield is spoken of by Dickens as bathing in the Old Roman Bath in Strand Lane, and from "Foster's Life of Dickens" we learn that the eminent novelist himself used to enjoy a plunge there.

Still in Use

The bath is open free to the public between eleven and twelve on Saturdays only; but a considerable number of members, whose annual subscription is two guineas, still use it for its original purpose.

The bath is supplied from a perpetual spring, which discharges at the rate of 26,000 gallons per diem.

Photos *A. E. Fisher*

Interior of the Roman Bath, Strand Lane

Though about 2,000 years old, the bath is still used for its original purpose, and by paying two guineas a year a considerable number of persons have the right to use it. It has been patronised by many august bathers, even, it is rumoured, by Queen Elizabeth herself. It is supplied from a perpetual spring, which discharges at the rate of 26,000 gallons a day

Worldly Short Story No. 37

STRONGER THAN LOVE

By VIOLET HUNT

TO WORLDLY READERS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally remunerated. Only good stories are wanted!

"DOES a woman ever get anything by crying? Not in these days, any more than she can make a fainting fit useful. That is why she has left off fainting since the eighteenth century—bid it a long good-bye—and one dares to hope that in the twentieth tears will be abandoned also as a method."

So spoke Rising Selwyn, as he was called, the successful barrister, speaking pretty loudly, and spreading his coat-tails to the fire as he towered over and dominated the little circle gathered about him on easy chairs, and listening with all their might. Their faint contradictions served but to keep the ball of conversation rolling, and in no wise affected the attitude of all-round subjection that the lordly young man loved and cherished in them.

The group consisted of pretty Miss Alice Norcliffe, and her nice, sweet, white-capped mother, both of them desperately interested in Selwyn, the nice, white-capped mother because she wanted him to marry her daughter, and Miss Alice because she was by no means averse to her mother's charming project. Miss Alice's married sister, who was also present, was inclined to quarrel with Selwyn, but controlled herself for the same reason. She preferred to raise up brothers-in-law who should call her blessed. The other member of the group was James Rother, a less well-backed pretender to Miss Norcliffe's hand. He was allowed to be there always at tea, because he filled up pauses, made himself generally useful, and served to show Selwyn that Alice was not neglected.

"Is it because women look—well—less pretty when they cry?" asked James Rother, politely.

"Less pretty!" asseverated the tyrant on the hearth. "Why, they look hideous, man! It is like petroleum run under the skin for thickening the features! It makes a woman look like a baked apple, like an old game-bag."

"You are not very polite, Mr. Selwyn," remarked the married sister of Alice, bridling. "I don't know, I am sure, how I look when I cry, but as a method I have never known it fail."

"One never can tell," said Selwyn contemptuously, "what particular mode of extortion will appeal to any particular man. I have not the pleasure of knowing your—victim, shall we call him?"

"He is like most men, he knows that if a woman once takes to——"

"—— Watery tactics, that she means to prevail, eh? Well, then, I say the average man's back is put up at once by the woman's adoption of this unfair mode of warfare, and he stiffens it—his back, I mean."

"Perhaps," said Alice, "my sister Elsie looks nice when she cries?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Elsie, "I never look in the glass on those occasions."

"Ah, didn't I say so?" exclaimed Selwyn. "You take jolly good care not to look at the image you present, and so, I wager, does he."

"Very likely," said Elsie, calmly, "but he gives me a blank cheque before he goes, and that is all I care about. I paid the butcher's bill with a good fit of hysterics the other day, and persuaded John not to put the carriage down as he threatened to do, till I came down to dinner with red eyes. That's the use of tears."

"I am obliged to look on you as a most immoral woman," observed Selwyn. "You're the kind of person who appears in Court in conjunction with a dressmaker, in a *cause célèbre*." He shook his fist at her playfully. It was easy to see that he was on the most intimate terms with the family of his Alice.

The gracious old lady, who was their hostess, now contributed a remark to the discussion, culled from her reading of ancient days.

"There was surely a Miss Sophy Streatfeild?" said she, gently, "one reads about her in the 'Memoirs of Mme. d'Arblay'—who has made an art of crying beautifully."

"Yes, mother, there was," cried Alice. "I remember it distinctly. I'll get the book down and read it out to you all." She feverishly rushed to a bookcase, hauled a volume out of it, and was soon reading aloud:—"'Ay,' cried Mrs. Thrale, 'I made her cry once for Miss Burney, once as pretty as could be. Nobody does cry so pretty as the S. S. I'm sure. When she cried for Seward, I never saw her look half so lovely.' And listen here all of you! Mrs. Thrale says, 'Do cry a little, Sophy (in a wheedling voice). Pray do!' And then, 'Two crystal tears came into the eyes of the S. S. and rolled gently down her cheeks. She looked, indeed, uncommonly handsome—she was smiling all the time!' There, Mr. Selwyn! What do you say to that?"

Another "Worldly Story" next week

(All rights strictly reserved.)

"A stupid, senseless trick! Parlour tears! A mere exploitation of the valve!" exclaimed Selwyn. "Besides, there was no mental perturbation acting on Miss Streatfeild and compelling her tears, and that makes all the difference. It is the grimace that accompanies tears which undoes women. Sophy Streatfeild just set the fountains playing, and turned off the tap when her audience had had enough. Quite a different thing, for instance, when the cistern bursts and floods the basement."

"As ours did last year, mother. What an ugly mess there was!" Miss Alice was quite convinced, and Selwyn too, by the force of his own image. He continued:—

"Now, if you are going in for quotations, I'll bring my poet along, too. What do you say to Gray?

> Dear Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face,
> Thy cheek all on fire!

and then he goes on to beg her to be more of a woman of the world:—

> Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy.
> More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

Eh, Miss Norcliffe?"

"I'd give anything sometimes," murmured Alice, in an awe-struck and subdued voice, "to be able to prevent myself from crying. It is no good with women, I can speak for that. I have never cried at a man."

"I hope not," interjected Selwyn.

"But with a woman, don't you know—some cat that you want to have it out with—it is so awfully annoying when you have got a good case, and are stating it, and think you are going to carry it through all right, to feel the silly tears coming sliding insidiously into your eyes, burning their way, and realise that no power on earth can stop them."

"A noxious habit that a mere effort of will——"

"Oh no, an effort of will implies that you are conscious of tears! And the moment you think you are going to cry, you do! And then you can't go out that evening because you have spoilt yourself and must lie down instead."

"I think I shall invent and patent an *Anti-Lachrymae à l'usage des femmes tendres*, and sell it at a guinea a bottle," Selwyn thoughtfully said.

"I'll take a gross," said Alice hastily.

"Speaking as a mere man and not a rising barrister," said James Rother, "I may say that I, personally, like a woman to show a little feeling, sometimes."

"Well, I will tell you the sheer honest truth; with *me*," exclaimed Selwyn, laughing, but with real seriousness, "if I could find the woman who had no tears in her composition, I'd lay my heart and practice at her feet to-morrow! It would be worth while. What a delightful guarantee for safety in marriage! No scenes, no waterworks, no convulsions and revulsions! Once let women realise that the spilling of tears have ruined more causes than even the spilling of blood, and that sobs and gulps have the effect of hardening a man against women and their demands like the very best cement, and the fount would soon be dry, and the lachrymatory glands go the way of the appendix, and other useless additions to the human economy."

Having said what he thought a good thing, he took his leave tempestuously. While Miss Alice was finding his stick for him, which had tumbled down behind the umbrella stand in the hall, he said something to her tender enough to justify her arch whisper—

"I must begin to look out for the Anti-Lachryma, then?"

They were as nearly as possible engaged, only Selwyn had not actually committed himself in so many words. He felt himself sufficiently bound, however, as a man of honour, and meant to marry Alice *coûte qu'il coûte*, even should she prove a regular waterspout. He disliked being tied, but he was sincere enough in his dread of matrimonial scenes, and had "rubbed it in," he hoped, with a certain force on that quiet afternoon round the fire at her mother's house. She would surely understand from his vehement diatribes against this aforesaid display of emotion in women that it behoved his wife to pay special attention to this detail in her conduct. He thought he had succeeded in giving her a good fright, and crying, after all, was only a bad habit that people could easily be frightened out of. Alice was sweetly impressionable.

It was only about a fortnight later that he went to call on the Norcliffe's, and was refused admittance because old Mrs. Norcliffe was very ill. With characteristic hardness, he walked away, after saying the necessary things, telling himself that now poor Alice was "in for it," and that he would have to wait to propose until she was less busy and could attune her thoughts to love and business. Mrs. Norcliffe, of course, would not recover, and Alice must go through the sorrow and bother of tending the last hours of a beloved parent, and laying her dutifully in the grave, before he and she could "fix it up." He inquired and sent flowers nearly every day, and when, a month later, his formal inquiries elicited the expected fact of Mrs. Norcliffe's decease, his condolences were quite in order, and he asked to be told of the date fixed for the funeral. He would make a point of attending the ceremony as a mark of respect and affection for the charming old lady who would have been his mother-in-law if she had lived.

He was not very sensitive to impressions, being, as was appropriate and natural in a man of his profession, alert and practical rather than sentimental and dreamy, but he thought he never should forget the day on which Fate decreed that he should journey down with Alice and her relations to the dreary Necropolis at Brookwood. He carefully avoided looking at Alice as she stood on the platform beside her married sister, shrouded in black, pale, with her lips tightly pressed together. He felt no out-rush of affection for her, the occasion being one of painful but necessary human intimacy which they were forced to share together, but which he would wish slurred over and forgotten. Impossible! The day was so ugly, everything was so ugly, Alice included. Black did not suit her. He found himself thinking pitifully over the dear dead old woman, and her last journey undertaken under the depressing conditions of an out-and-out November day, when the chill mists rose out of the damp earth to meet the drizzle from the heavens, and all was in dreary character.

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Exmoor Stag Hunting Begins

Just after the Kill: Huntsman Sidney Tucker about to cut up the quarry

The stags now being hunted on Exmoor run absolutely wild—much to the distress of local farmers—though the Countess of Chichester's well-known dislike of the pastime enables the deer to find sanctuary in her estate in the neighbourhood, where they need have no fear of huntsmen. The home of the Devon and Somerset Hounds is Exford Court, the residence of the Master, Mr. R. A. Saunders

Photos] **The Opening Meet at Cloutsham on August 8** [*Topical*

The Exmoor Stag Hunting Season began on August 8, and, as usual, attracted a gigantic crowd of county people and holiday-makers. For the first time, motor-cars attended the famous meet. The hunt takes place amongst the wildest and most romantic districts of Somerset, famed in fiction as the country of "Lorna Doone"

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He found himself placed next but one to Alice and her sister in the little chapel where the service was read. Alice then put up her veil; she was, of course, very pale. The sister was weeping already, but Alice's brow was contracted in temper or annoyance; she appeared to have lost something, her Prayer-book he supposed, for he caught the word "spare" whispered by her, and part of the sister's remorseful reply, "Only got one." Then Alice, shooting a glance of distinct malevolence at the tear-stained visage of Elsie, applied herself resignedly to reading off the same lilac-bound volume, and looked no more in his direction.

The first part of the service was over. They all walked with bowed heads to the dreary Golgotha in the gardens outside. Alice's step was assured, and her eyes very dry. She gave her arm to Elsie, who faltered and whose handkerchief never left her eyes. Alice's callousness, contrasted with the emotion of her sister, at last struck Selwyn disagreeably.

"The best, the sweetest, most complaisant mother a girl ever had, and she sees her committed to the earth, looking as cool as a cucumber!" he thought. Alice was surely heartless? Even if she had no feeling, she might have emulated Miss Sophy Streatfeild and pumped up a tear or two for the sake of decency.

Not till the dreadful rattle of the earth on the coffin lid stirred his own heart-strings to real honest feeling—he admitted afterwards that he felt quite choky—did he look again at Alice. There she stood, like a pale lily, very white and rather stern looking, but with no sign of agitation in her face or attitude. The sister's features were by this time indistinguishable. She had submerged them in a flood of mourning. She looked hideous, but at any rate she had a heart.

A short while after he called. Miss Norcliffe could not see him. "Doing the thing properly!" he thought to himself, and did not ask any particulars as to her health. The maid would only have said, "Miss Alice is keeping up very well," according to the usual formula, he supposed! On returning to his chambers he found himself retained for a very important case, and became at once thoroughly absorbed in it.

Then, when the case was happily over, he found leisure to look down the columns of the purely Society gossip in the journal he patronised, and he saw, without more than a momentary sense of regret and irritation, the following announcement:—

"A marriage is arranged, and will shortly take place, between Alice Mary, daughter of the late Frank Norcliffe, and James Rother, Esq., of Cheedleham."—"Tscha!" He tossed the paper away, and went and took a ticket for the Engadine. He wanted some change badly after the conduct of a rather arduous case.

In the pages of an hotel book in the mountains he came across the names of Miss Alice Norcliffe and her married sister, whose tedious appellation he never could remember. He made some inquiries and found that Alice was called the "Sick Lady." Later in the day he came across a buxom, hearty personage whom he recognised to be the sister who had shown such a depth of feeling at the funeral. She seemed now to have thoroughly got over it, and asked him to go and see Alice at their hotel, and told him about her state almost jauntily. She never mentioned James Rother.

"Poor dear Alice felt mother's death a good deal. Poor child, she kept up so bravely at first, but quite broke down afterwards. It was such a blow to her. We none of us expected it. She was literally stunned. You know she never went to bed for three nights after the funeral—just sat in a chair and simply couldn't sleep. It was awful."

"Shock!" said Selwyn mechanically, and promised to go next afternoon to see Alice, who would be waiting for him. She was going to take her first walk in the morning.

She received him lying in a *chaise-longue*. She was very pale, and her pretty brown hair had a streak of grey in it which, somehow or other, effectually broke down Selwyn's prejudice against being "tied." He went down on his knees beside her couch, and proposed to her.

Alice never mentioned James Rother either, but accepted him. She was by no means incurable; she was getting better, she told him. She asked him why he had not been to see or, at least, to inquire after her sooner, and he answered lamely that he didn't know.

Alice was in no mood for recriminations. She shook her head softly, put her arm round his neck, and murmured:—

"You didn't love me very much at the time mother died, dear, did you?—especially at the funeral. I felt you didn't like me or the way I behaved. And yet it was you—I wished, oh, how I wished that you had not been there at all! Why did you come?"

"Because I considered I was a relation *in posse*, if not *in esse*. I say, what about Rother?"

"Horrid legal words! James Rother? Oh, I wasn't ever really engaged to Rother. Somebody went and put it in the paper. Well, whatever brought you there, I did wish it hadn't. Your presence, added to something else, completely unnerved me."

"My dear, why?"

"Well, you know the way things stick. That absurd conversation we had about three weeks before—all sitting round the fire and poor dear mother there as usual, in her white cap with lappets, and her delicate hands——" Here she wept. "The remembrance of that afternoon and what you said was in my mind all the time the service was being read. For you were at the back of my grief. It was wrong, of course. I ought to have had no thought but for poor, dear, darling mother at such a time, but I loved you, and you had not spoken——" She wept again.

"Is it possible that that silly speech of mine influenced you?" A sob. "Cry, dear, cry, as much as you like, if it does you any good."

"All right, dear, I will."

And she did. After he had comforted her, and dried her eyes with his own large male pocket-handkerchief, she resumed:—

"Absurd! But when I put my veil up, and saw you close to me and my grief, I remembered that conversation exactly, and how you had said that you would never marry a woman that cried easily."

"I don't call crying—for a mother—for a thing like that—crying easily! My dear child, I meant women who cry for temper or to get something they

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Spanish Sovereigns "En Voyage"

THE PALATIAL L. & N.W. TRAIN ON WHICH THEY TRAVELLED NORTH

Queen Victoria's day compartment

General view of the splendid carriage, which is fitted with white enamel. The wide windows enable the traveller to gain a sweeping view of the scenery *en route*

The Queen's dressing-room, looking towards the bedroom

The sleeping compartments are fitted in an equally luxurious manner to the day compartments. There is also an attendant's compartment at the end of each saloon, fitted with electric appliances for cooking

Photos *Coleman, Darlington*

King Alfonso's day saloon

The striking resemblance of which to that of the Queen's above will be noted, the only real difference being that the furniture is of satinwood, inlaid with ivory. One of the several novelties in the carriage is the electric cigar lighter. The saloons, each of which is over 65ft. long, are fitted with balconies, which can be used as observation cars

(Continued from page 392)

want out of a man. To weep for the loss of a dear parent is the result of a perfectly natural human sentiment—a woman who doesn't cry on that occasion is a heartless brute—and now it occurs to me, darling, that you were singularly unmoved!"

"No, I didn't cry a bit!" said Alice, calmly, with a little twist of her lip that testified to the fact that she was on the high road to recovery. "And so, like the perverse sort of creature a man is, you were annoyed and shocked? Own up!"

"I *was* shocked, Alice. I did think you a little callous—a trifle heartless. I didn't see how a nice girl like you *could* restrain your tears, even to please me. It was abnormal, unwomanly. Why, some phrases in the burial service would move a stone to tears. I did, I believe—feel a bit choky. But you, darling, were a stone—a lovely stone."

"Indeed, dear, you ought to have been pleased—my face was not stained, or spoilt in any way, and yet—you didn't admire it."

"No. I confess I *do* like a woman to have a heart, and, that being the case, I suppose one must tolerate the manifestations of it. I take back my words. And, darling, after all you *had* a heart, but it was for me. You controlled yourself for my sake. Oh, my dear, how mistakenly sweet of you! How stupidly angelic! How I love you for it!"

In the midst of his ensuing embraces, she murmured:

"Dear, I must not let you kiss me and praise me for exercising self-control just to please you. I will confess that I didn't keep up *entirely* on your account. There was a stronger motive still——"

"Darling, what motive could be stronger?"

"There is one that is stronger—for a woman. A ridiculous reason, I dare say. A grotesque, a domestic one. I found I had the strongest deterrent a woman can have against giving way to my natural emotions——"

"Go on! What could it be?" said he, tremendously excited.

"I did not find it out till I got into the chapel. Then I put my veil up, and saw the whole scene—and you, and Elsie next to me, already 'off,' and a regular sop of tears, and I felt——"

"What women naturally do feel under such circumstances. As if you must give vent to your feelings in the natural manner consecrated by usage."

"Yes, I wanted badly to boo-hoo, like Elsie, at my side. *You* and a legion of silly speeches like yours remembered couldn't have stopped me. Elsie was infectious, and I hastily rummaged my pocket for my handkerchief, and found I had actually come away from home, *on a day like that*, without one! I asked Elsie, but she had stupidly not brought a second one, and her own, which she refused to lend me—well, a wet sheet and a flowing sea was nothing to it! So there was nothing for it—I had to keep them in, and I did. The thought of your dislike for tears would not have been enough, but, combined with the sense of—whatever you like to call it——?"

"Decency, stronger than Love!" muttered Selwyn.

VIOLET HUNT.

The Tring Show: Mr. G. Barcroft's "Scot" and "Gust," the winners of the Double Stakes, penning their sheep

The Show this year was again held in Lord Rothschild's beautiful park at Tring. The entries for the sheep-dog trials were very numerous, and some very interesting competitions were witnessed. In the Double Stakes, two dogs had to drive and pen a small flock of sheep which had been brought especially from Bala, N. Wales. As in former years, the whole of the prize money was given by the Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P.

"Bystander Abroad" Competition (Eighth Series)

This is a competition for the benefit of Foreign and Colonial readers, and in order that any who have not yet entered may have a chance of doing so, we again give the conditions. Each photograph should show the BYSTANDER *being read in some out-of-the-way part of the world, and on the back should be stated the sender's name and address, together with full particulars as to where the photograph was taken, and any other matter of interest concerning it. A prize of* **10***s.* **6***d. is given for every photograph published. They should be enclosed in an envelope marked "Bystander Abroad," and addressed to "The Art Editor,"* THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, London, E.C. We frequently receive photographs which show no local colour in the background. For instance, a competitor lately sent a photograph taken in Burmah, but the background was merely a wooden hut. Since this photograph might have been taken anywhere from its appearance, it did not gain a prize. Competitors should, therefore, remember that not only should the paper be prominent in the photograph, but that the background must be interesting.*

"The Bystander" in Buenos Ayres

The sender, Mr. S. P. Wooler, St. George's College, Quelmes, Buenos Ayres, writes: "My photo represents a friend of mine reading your interesting paper in Argentina, South America. The Argentine is by far the most progressive of the South American States, and there is a large British Colony in Buenos Ayres, its capital."

"The Bystander" in the Punjab

Mr. P. C. Sanders, Amritsar, Punjab, who sends this photograph, writes: "Our oldest inhabitant can be seen reading THE BYSTANDER. The photograph was taken at a little village called Tarn Tarn, in the Punjab."

"The Bystander" where three lands meet

Mr. Victor Dawson, who gains the 10*s.* 6*d.* prize for this photograph, says: "The picture was taken at Dreisprachenspitze, ten minutes' walk from the top of the Stelvio Pass (altitude 9,180 fee), one of the highest passes in Europe. The slab on the right marks the meeting place of Switzerland, Austria, and Italy, and whilst the paper was being read in Austria, the photo was being taken in Switzerland! The Ortler can be seen in the background. The photograph was taken three days after the pass was opened this year, the paper being carried for many miles in a knapsack."

Will Lourdes be Abolished?

SCENES NEAR THE SACRED GROTTO - - WHICH THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT TALKS OF CLOSING - - - -

THE rumour that the French Government is about to carry on its anti-Clerical campaign to the lengths of suppressing the famous grotto of Lourdes, and thereby bringing to a close the pilgrimages of the sick of all nations, gives the photographs here published a peculiar interest.

Lourdes itself has decidedly prospered by dint of the universal and fervent belief in the curative properties of its grotto, which have attracted thousands of pilgrims annually. Though the grotto itself retains all its old simplicity, standing exactly where it did when Bernadette, the little peasant girl, went to pick up sticks for her mother on the outskirts of the wood, and suddenly saw, as she said, "A lovely lady dressed in blue and white," around it are magnificent churches and other edifices. The way of the pilgrims to the ancient grotto is made easy by the use of modern electric trams, and altogether civilisation has by no means exempted the shrine from its operations.

In the second photograph, a group of pilgrims, of Belgian nationality, are to be seen in the courtyard of the hospital—some in chairs, some, alas, too ill even to be thus carried, all, however, clad in their "Sunday best." In the third picture, pilgrims are to be seen worshipping the Host at Benediction. The strained and anxious look on their faces is eloquent of their hopes at this sacred moment.

(1) View of the Basilisk (with the Calvary on the left). Modern contrivances, in the guise of the electric tramcar, are of great assistance to the pilgrims

(2) Belgian invalids in the Courtyard of the Hospital

(3) Group of Pilgrims worshipping the Host at Benediction

The Scene at the Shrine

THE BASILISK, GROTTO, AND CALVARY

The above photograph gives, in striking fashion, an impression of Lourdes. At the foot is the famous grotto, with a group of pilgrims before the statue of the Blessed Virgin, above it the Church of the Basilisk, behind which rises a group of hills, on the top of the first of which is seen the "Calvary," and beyond that the snow-capped Pyrenees

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"The Guarded Flame." By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen: 6s.)
"A Pixy in Petticoats." Anonymous. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
"The Woman's Victory." By Maarten Maartens. (Constable: 6s.)
"A Rogue's Tragedy." By Bernard Capes. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Corner House." By F. M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"Tally-Ho." By Helen Mathers. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Guarded Flame"

Mr. W. B. Maxwell's *The Guarded Flame* (Methuen: 6s.) is, in a modified sense of the word, magnificent. It is a book that has human greatness as its theme, and happens, very nearly, to be great itself. One of the prime tests of its *quasi*-greatness is that the author, to secure his emotional purpose, has not hesitated for about the first quarter of the book to be downright dull—but it is the dulness of the suppressed storm, the designed tedium of an author who has something in reserve, and that something, startling. Mr. Maxwell wishes, before springing his emotional matter on you, to make you fully grasp the fact that the principal character, Richard Burgoyne, is a great man, a philosopher of world renown, a sharer of a century's laurels with Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer. Unlike baser authors, he does not rest content with repeating at intervals, "Burgoyne was big—big—no end great," nor does he, to impress his bigness on you, resort to caricature. The latter would have been so easy, too! The professor has, for generations, been second only to the mother-in-law as an object of comic ridicule. Again, had he burlesqued Mr. Burgoyne, the suspicion of dulness could so completely have been staved off. But not Mr. Maxwell. He takes his philosopher seriously, and sees to it that his reader does, too. He makes you understand Burgoyne's greatness by introducing you to his daily life—watching him at work, hearing his voice, following him down the village street to the barber, or the solicitor, or the local librarian. He lets you know the exact school of philosophy to which Burgoyne subscribed, exactly how and why he belonged to it, and how he built up his great position—a test of the author's knowledge of the subject which alone proves Mr. Maxwell's huge thoroughness of method.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. W. B. Maxwell

The young novelist and son of Miss Braddon, whose remarkable novel, "The Guarded Flame" (Methuen: 6s.), has added to the reputation he gained earlier in the year with "Vivien"

A Transition

Perhaps you would be bored by all this—then foolish you! For by carefully watching the sayings and doings of the Burgoyne household—the philosopher and his young wife, the young secretary, Jack Stone, and the niece (Effie)—you will spot the suggestion of impending complications, of psychological and emotional by-play, which will steer you safely through the mazes of Burgoyne philosophy. Then the crash—Jack Stone, supposedly in love with Effie, and affianced to her, is really passionately in love with young Mrs. Burgoyne, who, herself, has been unconsciously in love with Stone, though ostensibly, and to herself, the devoted slave of the great philosopher whose wife she was. As to how the tragedy works itself out, and all the splendid imaginings and the psychological subtleties by which Mr. Maxwell brings his story to a climax, I will be silent, except to say that, once the tedium, if tedium it be, of the opening situation is overcome, the transformation of the book into a pulsating, emotional drama is as effective, and as moving, as anything I know of in recent character-fiction.

"Collusion"

I cannot confess to an admiration of the "new book by the author of 'Mrs. Erricker's Reputation,'" entitled *Collusion* (Alston Rivers: 6s.), but this is scarcely odd, because I never confessed to any kind of admiration for "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation" itself, despite the strangely eulogistic quotations from contemporaries which face the title-page of the new work. The author's (Mr. Thomas Cobb's) clients—if one may so term his characters—seem to me, in both volumes alike, to be shallow people, whose personal emotions and actions are incapable of arousing the smallest interest in the reader. I fail to find any trace of that wit or sparkle in the dialogue which is the only possible extenuation of a story about vapid personalities involved in a pallid plot. If to say that a book reads smoothly, and without any strain on the reader's intellect — that it is "bright" — is any kind of praise, by all means let me say it of *Collusion*. The book *looks* most entertaining, its chapters are short and the type is large. I only wish it were as good as it looks.

A Personal Loss

To say that the death of "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie) is almost as much of a personal loss as it is a loss to literature were, perhaps, not the highest compliment to the author's art. It is, nevertheless, largely true. The public, I think, was more conscious of the charm of her personality, revealed through her books, than of any other lady author of the day. In few cases has it been possible to add to the criticism, "a charming book," the comment, "and a charming author." Yet this has been precisely what we have all of us felt in regard to the writer of "Some Emotions and a Moral," "The School for Saints," "Robert Orange," and of such plays as *The Ambassador* and *The Bishop's Move*. When I come to the severer task of suggesting the degree of the loss to literature occasioned by Mrs. Craigie's decease at the early age of thirty-eight, it is to say that the loss is a very real one.

And a Loss to Literature

At the time of her death, "John Oliver Hobbes" was in the thick of a tangled transition. Having made her reputation largely by her wit, as a brilliant feminine contributor to the cynical, epigrammatical school of the 'nineties, of which Robert Hichens, Anthony Hope, and E. F. Benson were, perhaps, the chief male exponents, she had not altogether buried it. Though her "Robert Orange" was a Disraelian style of story, and "The Vineyard" took us to provincial, middle-class life, and its general drabness and dowdiness, the public had not yet taken Mrs. Craigie seriously. At least twenty years of serious work is necessary ere a wit is forgiven for ceasing to be a wit, and his (or her) solemnities accepted in substitution. Those years had not, alas, elapsed in the case of Mrs. Craigie, who, as a serious writer, had not reached her maturity. She will live in our generation as a cynic, as a chronicler of the sayings and doings of *élégantes*. As a dealer in the drab and the dreary, which would seem to be the ultimate ideal of every novelist, she had not yet hoisted her signboard—and I, for one, who value one wit as worth about ten wiseacres, while still under the sense of a personal loss in the death of this delightful author, secretly delight that it is by her wit and not by her wisdom that her name will survive.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

"John Oliver Hobbes"

Mrs. Craigie, the talented author, whose premature death, at the age of thirty-eight, is one of the most tragic occurrences in recent literature

A Breath of Dartmoor

A Pixy in Petticoats is a Dartmoor girl, who leads a wild, fresh life, bathes in moorland streams, has a browned face, and is about as natural and unaffected in speech, manners, clothes, and ideas of life and love as, strictly speaking, she ought not to be. Very much is she to the taste of John Burrough, a moorland literary recluse of thirty-five, but well preserved, and the two have, really, rather a good time of it, the nature of which is chronicled by "Anon" in a fine breezy style. A glance at any chapter in *A Pixy in Petticoats* (Alston Rivers) is almost as good as a breath of that breeze which charges at you on the top of Hay or Yes Tor, and as it is very much more cheaply to be enjoyed, I really do not see why the economically minded should not purchase it in place of a ticket to Bovey, Chagford, or Okehampton.

Upton Sinclair's Next Novel

The announcement that Mr. Upton Sinclair is engaged on (or has finished) a new novel, entitled *The Financier*, will interest Mr. Harris-Burland, whose book of the same name was published but a week or two back, and is an admirable case in point for "Rita" in her campaign on behalf of the author's right to his title. Incidentally, it is announced that *The Financier* is to be a gigantic exposure of financial immoralities, etc., etc.—a Wall Street story, I suppose—which makes me regretful. For I think it will be sad if so admirably balanced a writer as Mr. Sinclair, and one so able to produce a vivid impression of facts without the aid of diatribes, should develop, thanks to popular clamour, into a mere literary scourge and sham-finder, even as Miss Corelli has so developed. For, as all readers of "The Jungle" know, that story was anything but a mere exposure of the scandals of Packingtown. It was a fine human tragedy and character-study, in which the "tinned meat" element was purely incidental. I do not, of course, know, but it will surprise me much if *The Financier* is such a piece of boiling-oil invective and mere denunciation as the advance announcements forecast.

In Brief

Messrs. Methuen issued on Thursday last *Tally Ho!* by Helen Mathers, a sporting romance whose scenes are laid in Somersetshire, Saxony, Town, and Hertfordshire. Mr. George Allen is publishing soon *The Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton*, by Mrs. Russell Barrington, illustrated with about 140 reproductions of pictures by the artist. Mrs. Barrington knew Leighton for thirty years, and she is helped in her task by his sole executor (and only surviving sister), also by other members of the family, and by his brother Academicians and friends.

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Cross-Trench Bunker

One of the minor evils of golf from which the new ball is delivering us is that abomination of desolation—the cross-trench bunker. To what misguided inspiration this form of bunker owes its existence I cannot say, nor do I suppose that any historian of the game has stopped to inquire. There is nothing which approaches to a semblance of it on natural courses. On them you may find a wide bunker stretching across the line of flight, but I have never seen such a bunker with the added horror of a steep bank at the further side rising three or four feet from the level of the course. If you happen to have the misfortune to send a ball into a natural bunker you may often find yourself a good deal below the level of the course, but you will, in nine out of ten cases, have plenty of room to get your ball out, and you will not require to hit it higher than the level of the surrounding ordinary ground.

The Hackenschmidt Grip!

Hackenschmidt has lately been trying his hand at golf. When a man of his fibre tries his hand at a game, who shall dare to criticise him—even though, as in the photograph, his method of holding the club is distinctly unorthodox

St. Andrews' "Beardies"

There are small pitfalls, such as the "Beardies" at St. Andrews, where you may be called upon to extricate a ball from a very awkward lie, and one where you will have little room to swing. But the "Beardies" are not on the proper line of flight, and after one or two rounds and an occasional unhappy visit to them, you will know their location pretty accurately, and it will be your own fault if you get into them again. But from the cross-trench bunker there is no escape, and from some kinds, not a few, alas! very little chance of getting out.

Supply and Demand

When the great spread of golf occurred, every sort and kind of area of ground was requisitioned for the supply of golf courses. The early Southern golfer demanded, or was supplied with, two essentials on his course—a hazard to drive over from the tee, and another to approach over to the green. I am unable to say whether the demand created the supply of the article, or whether the supply, which was invariable and abundant, formed the taste and custom in this particular error. But however that may have been, the golfer coming to a new course in those days might well have imagined that he was going to negotiate, not a golf links, but a steeplechase course which had been devoted to the uses of golfers on days when there was no racing going on. Horrid trenches, guarded on the further side by steep banks, surmounted by guide flags, confronted him at every hole, and when he was unfortunate enough to send his ball into one of these graves of despair, he found very often that the trench was very narrow, that it had hard gravel instead of sand in it, and that the steep bank in front was so precipitous that he was forced to delve his ball out to the side with evil results both for his temper and the edge of his niblick. Poor Tom Dunn was responsible for a goodly heap of these horrible hazards, which, for the most part, have been removed with much labour and expense by his wiser successors and their ruling authorities.

Two Holes to Beware of

Even on some great courses, such as Hoylake and Muirfield, there are a few survivals of this ancient and erroneous form of hazard-worship. There are two holes, the third at Hoylake and the fifth at Muirfield, where an alteration will have to be made. The third hole at Hoylake is completely spoiled under certain conditions of wind by its first cross-trench bunker. With the wind against the player it cannot be reached, but with the wind in favour it can easily be got into, and only such immense hitters as Mr. Ted Blackwell dare risk the carry. The main sin of the cross-trench bunker is that it is difficult to adapt to variations of the wind, whereas the pot and side variety can always be eluded by the skilful player. Away, therefore, with all cross-trench bunkers, especially that species which has a bank to add to its iniquity, and put in their place plenty of judicious pot-bunkers, sufficiently large to hold the ball and give the player room to extricate it from them.

Ernest Lehmann

The Aberdovey Golf Club

"OS NAD WYT CRYF, BYDD CYFRWYS"

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

WHERE TO SPEND A GOLFING HOLIDAY

THE Aberdovey Golf Club was founded in 1892, but, for many years previous to this, a few enthusiasts had played over practically the same ground, so that Aberdovey probably has the distinction of being the pioneer course in Wales. The course, stretching along the shores of Cardigan Bay, is about 6,000 yards in length and there are eighteen holes; the ground is undulating, and the turf is of a nature to cause the ball to sit up well and give excellent brassie shots. The members, who number 230, are mostly non-resident. The leading player in the club, from its earliest days, has been Mr. B. Darwin, who holds the record of 71, while J. H. Taylor holds the professional record with 75. The best amateur score in a competition is 77 by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Hammant. Aberdovey possesses, in the opinion of many well-known players, two of the best short holes to be found on any links, and J. H. Taylor says the 4th hole, "Cader," is the best he has ever played. The motto of the club is in Welsh, "Os nad wyt cryf, bydd cyfrwys," which being interpreted signifies, "If you are not strong, be cunning," advice which it is well for the player to follow. Owing to the mildness of the climate, this course is singularly adapted for winter play.

(1) The club house and first green, showing the railway station on the right

(2) On the second green

(3) Some of the club members, showing the secretary, Mr. D. L. Howell, standing in the centre

RACING NOTIONS

IS THE TURF GOING DOWN? By "CARBINE"

Racing and Its Detractors

Apart from all considerations of the betting side of racing, it is questionable whether the Turf was ever stronger in influential and wealthy supporters than at the present time. A great deal of rubbish is written every year on this very point. The Turf is going down, we are told. But don't believe it. Racing morals are better than in the old days, and there is far less roguery. Curious things we are told sometimes by those who have their knife into racing. You will remember, for example, that a little while ago it was roundly declared that a leading owner was about to give up, owing to his notion of the weights his horses should carry, differing considerably from what the handicappers thought. Yet that man is still racing, and has six entries for the Cesarewitch. Another racing peer, we are confidently assured, will soon disappear from the Turf because he cannot make enough money at the game. One man actually went so far as to declare in print a month or two back that the majority of owners now on the Turf look upon their racing as purely a business affair, a mere gamble, into which no idea of true sport ever enters, the achievement of a coup being the aim and end of their enterprises. Nobody who really knew anything of their subject could have made an assertion of this sort, for if there is one thing upon which the Turf of to-day may legitimately pride itself, it is upon the large number of men who race purely for the love of the thing.

Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

Major E. Loder's "Galvani"

Winner of the International Plate at Kempton Park, and one of the smartest two-year-olds of the season

Owners Who Do Not Bet

I could quote twenty well-known owners who often go all through a Newmarket meeting without making a single bet. When they do have something on, it is generally more by way of supporting their own judgment and convictions, than in the hope of acquiring wealth. I know for certain that several prominent members of the Jockey Club, owners themselves, and very keen on racing, have not made a bet with a bookmaker for years, and you have only to glance through the just-published list of entries for the Derby of 1908, to perceive that the Turf still holds the support of men, from the King downwards, whose honour and disinterestedness are beyond all question. People who are ignorant of racing are fond of declaring that the Turf is going to the dogs. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought. In any case, we who go racing regularly know to our own satisfaction that the best sport, such as we see at Ascot, Newmarket, Goodwood, Doncaster, Epsom, Sandown Park, etc., still attracts the best people. Look at the names of the first two dozen leading owners for 1906. Lord Derby comes at the head, Major Eustace Loder next, Mr. Reid Walker third, and Lord Rosebery fourth, these being followed by men like Lord Wolverton, Mr. Arthur James, the Duke of Westminster, Sir Edgar Vincent, Mr. Ludwig Neumann, Mr. Hall Walker, Sir Daniel Cooper, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Lord Howard de Walden, the Duke of Portland, Sir Ernest Cassel, and others. Is there any sign in this list that the Turf is going down or becoming a mere gambling machine? I think not.

Major Loder's Smart Two-Year-Old

Galvani, who won so easily at Kempton Park last week, is certainly one of the smartest two-year-olds of the season. What a wonderful stable is that managed by Mr. Gilpin, and what a lucky man he is to get such horses as Major Loder breeds and buys for him. Pretty Polly and Spearmint are about the best of their ages, and Gilpin's happiness is now completed by the possession of another possible classic winner. Whether Galvani is better than Slieve Gallion or Traquair is a question which time alone can decide. All we can say for him now, is that he is of the highest promise. Another feature of the Kempton Park Meeting was the victory of Troutbeck. Of course, he had virtually nothing to beat with Spearmint an absentee. But he is winning all his races so smoothly and well that he is bound to be very strongly fancied for the St. Leger on September 12. Personally, I do not believe the Duke of Westminster's colt will beat Keystone II., who is quite herself again. But it will be a race.

This Week's Meetings

There will be some more good racing in the North of England this week, the programme at Stockton being a strong one. On Wednesday, the Hardwicke Stakes may go to the unbeaten Orwell, who is, perhaps, the best of her sex among the two-year-olds. On Wednesday, **Bridge of Canny** is my selection for the Durham County Produce Plate. At Hurst Park, on Friday, Traquair will probably be an absentee from the August Plate, and **Freeborn** may prove successful. Similarly, Keystone II. may not be seen in the Lennox Plate on Saturday, and **Spate** may bring off his long-postponed success.

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

The Finals at Felixstowe

Long matches between ladies are becoming quite common nowadays. On Saturday, at Felixstowe, Miss Douglass and Miss Wilson, in the final of the Ladies' Singles, went on up to 14-all, and then Miss Wilson stopped—wisely enough, seeing that she is still under the doctor's orders. In the Men's Singles, G. W. Hillyard, after his recent successes at Newcastle, was expected to take the cup away from H. R. Barrett, for Dr. Eaves beat Barrett at Folkestone last year, and Hillyard had beaten Eaves. But Barrett was not at his best at Folkestone last year and he is just now; and since he can play a steady and fairly severe base-line game, as well as volley, he would generally stand a better chance against Hillyard than Eaves, unless the latter (as he sometimes does) happened to prove impassable at the net. Moreover, Barrett is an old *habitué* of the Felixstowe meeting, thoroughly conversant with the courts and their surroundings, whereas Hillyard was a new-comer; and where players are fairly evenly matched, little differences of this kind are apt to tell. In the result, Hillyard did not get a set, though the second and third were both close. Hillyard and Miss Douglass, as was expected, won the Mixed Doubles, but Barrett and Miss Morton took a set off them.

Photo] **An 1806 cricket match at the present day** *[Park*

Left: Mr. Brasnett, captain of red. *Right:* Mr. Latworth, captain of green

At Yarmouth, last week, a cricket match in old-time costume was played by some veteran cricketers in the style of a century ago, when top hats were the fashion for play. The average age of the players was about sixty-five, while the umpire was eighty-six years old

Harvard v. Cambridge

Both the crews for the 'Varsity International are hard at it. Everyone is pleased with the form shown by Cambridge, and bets of 2 to 1 have been laid on them. They are certainly better together than their rivals, who have been handicapped by some chopping and changing in order to rest men who have not been fit. But Harvard are undeniably very fast for a certain distance, and if, when they get together, they can keep it up all the way, there will be no slouch of a race on September 8.

The Cricket County Championship: Surrey's Set-back

People who talk, and still more people who write, about cricket never seem able to realise that it is one of the most uncertain of games. Last week we heard and read on all sides that Surrey *v.* Yorkshire would settle the question of the County Championship; the idea that Lancashire might beat Surrey never seemed to occur to anyone. And yet this is what happened, with the result that Surrey went down with a thud to third place, and that Yorkshire took the lead, with Kent (second) well in the running. As soon as this occurred, everyone began shouting for Kent, on the ground that they had *only* (!) Worcestershire, Middlesex and Hampshire to meet, with a saving clause for Yorkshire, should they beat Surrey at Bramall Lane. As a matter of fact, the most that can be said is that the contest is a very open one indeed—the most open that there has yet been under the present system of scoring. Nor must we forget that during the last week of August the weather is nearly always uncertain, if not positively bad; and the fact that anything may happen greatly adds to fun—except for those unfortunate souls whose only source of fun in cricket is the finding of the winner.

A New Two-Mile Walking Record

At the Bath Cycling Club Sports on Saturday, A. T. Yeomans of Swansea, the two miles walking champion, started from scatch in the One Mile Walking Handicap, and covered the distance in 6 mins. $19^3/_5$ secs. The previous best times were: Amateur—G. E. Larner, 6 mins. 26 secs., at Brighton, in 1904; Professional—W. Perkins, 6 mins. 23 sec., at Lillie Bridge, in 1874.

The Question of the Player-Referee

Lawn Tennis—The Player-Referee

The question whether it is right for a referee to play in a tournament which he himself is managing is one which, curiously enough, has never been raised in an acute form until the other day. It is not exactly a common thing for a man to combine the rôles of referee and competitor at one and the same meeting, but still it is sometimes done, and the fact that it *is* done affords a good illustration of the amateur spirit in which the game is played, as well as of the integrity with which most referees perform their duties. Until about a year ago, one sometimes heard the question discussed dispassionately, and as a point of academic interest; but, of late, there has been a growing tendency to invest it with a more vital importance, and, on the first day of the Felixstowe tournament last week, a formal protest was raised by some of the players against the appointment of a referee whose name also figured on the list of competitors. The promoters of the tournament, in reply, pointed out that the practice had hitherto been acquiesced in at other meetings, and appear to have relied upon this, as it were, as a precedent, so that the elements of a complete deadlock were forthcoming, when the referee himself judiciously cut the knot by throwing up his refereeship. The incident (to use the stereotyped form) may, therefore, be regarded as closed. But it is reported that the matter is to be referred to the Lawn Tennis Association, and, even if it is not, we may hope that the Lawn Tennis Association will take it up of its own accord, and thereby give itself the chance of effecting a really useful reform. For when all is said and done, the suggestion that anyone can properly perform the duties of referee while he is also a competitor is, theoretically at any rate, preposterous. His powers are so wide that the only chance he has of exercising them satisfactorily is by being strictly impartial, which means (among other things) that he must not have to exercise them upon himself. If he has, then, however impartial he may be in fact, there will always be found people to prove—not only to their own satisfaction, but also to that of others—that he wasn't. In fine, he is the law, and he must be above the law. Nor is there, as some appear to think, any difference in this respect between a paid (or professional) and an amateur referee. The argument against the paid referee being a competitor is only stronger to this extent—that he is paid to work and not to play, and that the more play he gets the less work he does. This, after all, is a matter for his employers. If they choose to let him play when he ought to be doing the work they have entrusted to him, that is their look out. But upon the bare question, whether the referee ought to compete at tournaments which he himself referees, there is no distinction between the paid and the unpaid. Each must be presumed to undertake to do the work to the best of his ability, and neither can do this so long as he is in a position to benefit, by being under his own jurisdiction.

Photo *Clarke and Hyde*

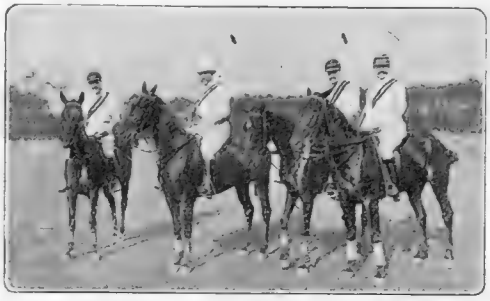
Push Ball: The late t Thames diversion

Under the auspices of the Marlow Rowing Club last week, "push-ball" was inaugurated. It is played by four or six canoes on either side, with a large ball made of rubber, covered by canvas. The goals must be gained by the canoeists pushing the ball with their hands, any use of the paddle being barred. It is claimed to be the invention of the Marlow Club itself

Growth of Continental Polo

The Game in Germany

While games, generally, have made great headway of late years on the Continent, the two pastimes which appear to have taken firmest hold among the upper classes are lawn-tennis and polo, and of the two, the latter, perhaps, is the most popular. It is exactly a quarter of a century ago that the first polo club on the continent of Europe was started at Gibraltar, but this is run by the garrison, and it was not until 1892 that a genuine foreign club was founded at Paris, Lord Shrewsbury being one of the earliest members. In Germany, the game first took root at Hamburg, where a flourishing club has been run since 1898 by Mr. H. Hasperg, Jun., a well-known gentleman rider.



The Frankfort Polo Tournament

The Marquis de Villavieja's Spanish team, winners of the Frankfort Champion Cup. The tournament is held every August, and players are recruited mostly from the Army

Frankfort Polo Club

There are also clubs now at Berlin, Hanover, and Frankfort on the Maine, where polo has been taken up by the local sportsmen with great keenness. At the latter place the game is played on the Waldfried estate of Mr. Carl Weinberg, who owns the largest racing stable in Germany. The club ground, which is full-sized, and one of the finest and fastest in Europe, was cut out of the beautiful pine woods that stretch from Frankfort to Darmstadt, a distance of some twenty miles; and there is also a large and luxuriously appointed club-house. Mr. Edgar Flinsch, the manager of the club, learnt his polo in America, where he used to play with the well-known Meadowbrook (Long Island) Club.

An International Tournament

Every August an international tournament is held at Frankfort. This year's meeting was most successful, for besides German teams from Hamburg and from Hanover, where the players are mainly recruited from the officers at the military riding school, the best players from Budapest and Madrid also competed. The Spanish side, which was captained by the Marquis de Villavieja, a player well known in all parts of the world, included his brother, M. E. de Escandon, the Duke of Penaranda, and the Duke of Alba. The team followed up their victory in the Continental Championship at Ostend by winning the Frankfort Champion Cup. The week's play attracted a very fashionable attendance from Frankfort and Homburg, and among the spectators was the Grand Duke of Hesse.

Other Continental Clubs

In Spain, there are clubs at Barcelona, Xeres, and Madrid. The Paris Polo Club has its headquarters at Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne. Polo is also played at Deauville, in Normandy, during the fashionable race fortnight in August, when there is an annual International tournament. There are old-established polo clubs at Constantinople and at St. Petersburg, where the moving spirit is Prince Serge Belosellsky, while a club has recently been started at Rome under the management of the Prince of San Faustino.

L. V. L. S.

The Scene of the Frankfort Polo Tournament

The Frankfort Club house in the middle of the pine woods, between Frankfort and Darmstadt. The ground is one of the largest and fastest, and the Club house one of the best appointed on the Continent

A Woman's Note Book

The Open-Air Child

There is no more attractive sight in holiday time than the groups of children at play round our villages. The delight, even of country children, in Nature, who is almost a stranger to them, is pathetic; and we are amazed to find what a love they have of fields, flowers, lanes, and the open air. Set a school of little ones free for a half holiday and they will seek the country as inevitably as the flowers the sun. It is natural, and, apparently, cannot be "civilised" out of the little heads, which are wiser than our own, despite our endeavour to shut them up in towns, buildings, and, worst of all, hot schoolrooms. The life of a well-managed child of the upper classes is an open-air one; it grows sturdy, and brown, and light-hearted under such influence, and until it has done so, the mind is rightly left alone, or, at least, no attempt is made at book learning or the routine of lessons.

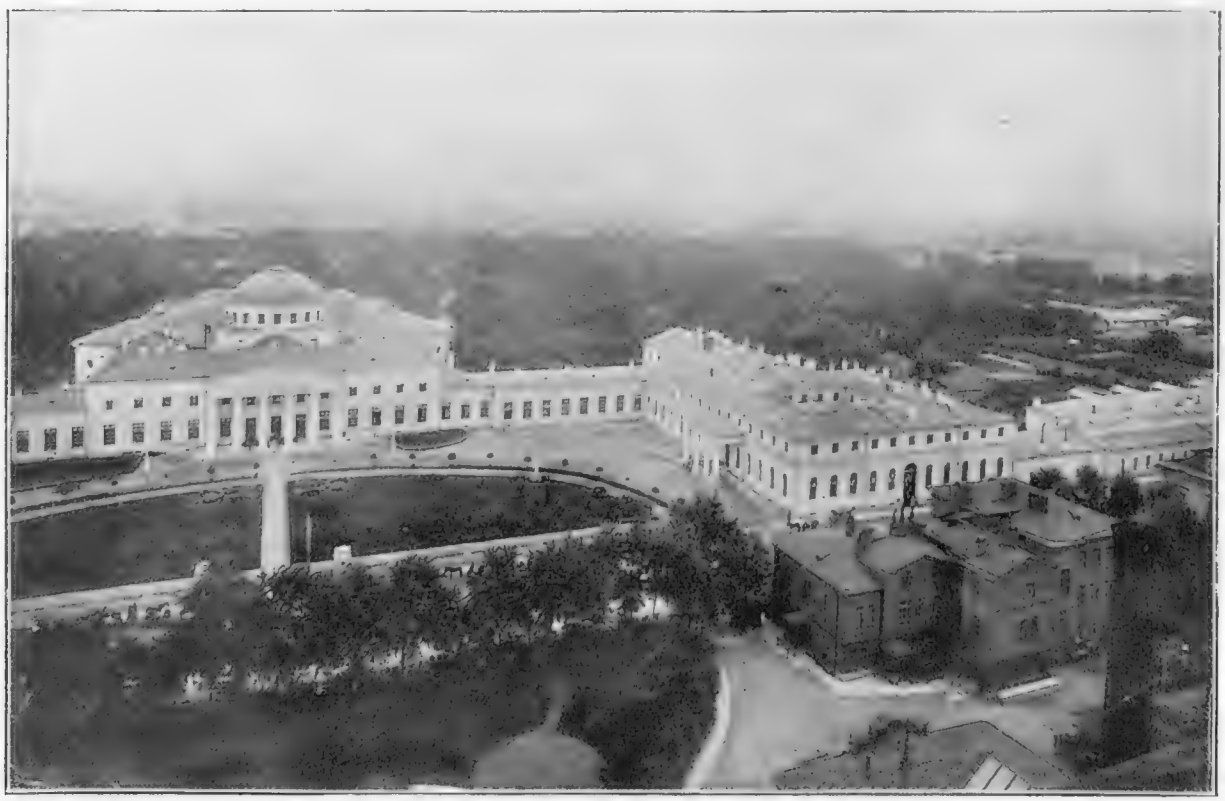
Three-Year-Old Scholars!

But it is far otherwise with poor children. At three years old, often before, they are sent to school; obliged for long hours to sit indoors in one position, when the little growing limbs require that they should be tumbling about in the sunshine. Their minds are forced with matter they cannot possibly digest, and, consequently, made all the more incapable in after years. People tell you, "Oh, the babies don't do much. Go into almost any infant school, and you will probably find half of them asleep with their heads on the desks." But sleep, in an unnatural, uncomfortable position, sometimes in an unbearably hot schoolroom, is merely a change of evils from the work which, during waking intervals, the young minds are expected to accomplish. Very recently this question was raised by the Press: What would the Government save if the compulsory school age (five years old) were to be made the *earliest* at which teachers were *allowed* to receive children? I forget the figures, but I know the amount was startlingly large. No child *ought* to be taught real routine lesson work till it is seven; the early age at which poor children leave school and start work renders this impracticable—but at least the school age could with advantage to young children, and even to their progress later on, be raised to five.

The Remedy?

Of course, I know numerous objections are raised. Schools have come to be regarded as nurseries, where busy parents get rid of their offspring almost as soon as they can toddle. "Such a blessing for the mother." Yet to lessen the parental responsibility, or to weaken home-ties, can hardly be considered an ideal arrangement. "But the poor woman must work." I don't see it. Where reform should come is in paying the "poor man" larger wages, and so leaving the "poor woman" free to attend to her parental duties. It is quite as injurious to rob a child of its natural restlessness or energy, and make it sit still for half the day or deprive it of fresh air and sunshine, as it is to give it insufficient food—this last need we are now striving to supply, while, so far, we leave the two former utterly neglected.

LADY PHYLLIS.



Deserted for the "holidays": The empty town house of the Russian Duma in St. Petersburg

The house of the ill-fated first Russian Duma is now deserted and empty. It is situated in the middle of the beautiful Jardin de la Tauride, and is an unpretentious and solid-looking enough structure. However, brighter days may dawn for it, and it may yet be the scene of a bloodless revolution in the Russian constitution.

IN SUMMER

A delicate, refreshing, and invigorating perfume is most welcome.
Nothing is more acceptable than

'4711' EAU DE COLOGNE

Look for the Hall-mark on the Blue and Gold Label on Every Bottle.

No 4711.

ADAIR

Patronised by Royalty, Recommended by Medical Profession,

92, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
(London Telephone: 3782 Gerrard);
5, Rue Cambon PARIS; and 15, West 39th St., NEW YORK.

All Treatments, Preparations & Straps reduced 3s. in the £ during August

Ganesh Forehead Strap (Pat.). Removes lines on forehead and between the eyes. Is good for Neuralgia. Price **25/6.**

Patent Ganesh Chin Strap. Removes a Double Chin, takes away the line running from nose to mouth, restores lost contours, **21/6**; Stronger Straps to prevent snoring, **25/6.**

Ganesh Eastern Muscle Oil (Regd.). With the Oil and the New Strapping Muscle Treatment lines are removed, hollows filled out by bracing the relaxed muscles. The muscles of the eyelids can be strengthened with the Oil, **30/6, 10/6, 5/6.**

Ganesh Diable Tonic cures puffiness under the eyes, cleanses, tones, and whitens skin, closes pores, **21/6, 10/6, 7/6.**

Ganesh Parisian Corsets are the most hygienic, comfortable, and beautifully made models. Can be had ready-made, in all sizes, colours, and materials, if measurements round bust, waist, and hips are sent—taken over corsets—from **42/6.** Send for Book.

LADIES ONLY RECEIVED.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

COOK'S CONDUCTED ARRANGEMENTS include

PARIS BELGIUM HOLLAND
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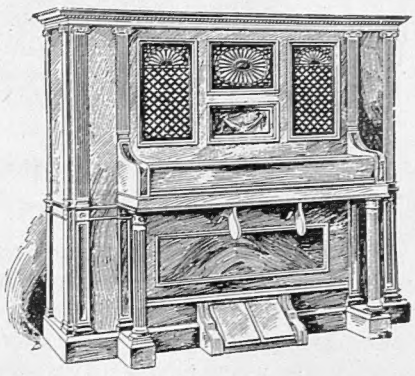
SALZKAMMERGUT
SCOTLAND IRELAND
and
ROUND THE WORLD.

The Fares provide for travel tickets, hotels, fees to railway and hotel servants, carriage or steamer excursions, according to circumstances, and services of conductor.

PROGRAMMES POST FREE.

Particulars of POPULAR TOURS combining travel and hotel, and of INDEPENDENT TICKETS for all Parts of the Globe, also gratis on application.

THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London; and Branch Offices.



THE ÆOLIAN ORCHESTRELLE.

THE GREATEST OF ALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

IT is no way an exaggeration to call the Æolian Orchestrelle the greatest of all musical instruments, since it is a successful representation of every instrument that finds a place in a fine orchestra. The Æolian can be played by one person, who, in fact, takes the place of the conductor of a band of skilled musicians.

It is all the more a marvellous invention inasmuch that anyone, even without musical knowledge, can give a full and artistic performance of the most complicated orchestral score. How the tones of the Æolian are produced, and how they are made to very closely simulate the tones of an orchestra, cannot be explained here. But the Æolian is an instrument that no lover of music can afford to leave uninvestigated.

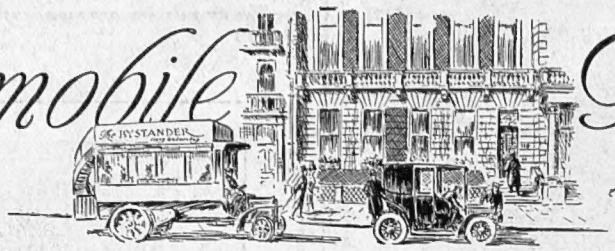
You are invited to call, or if a visit should be inconvenient, Catalogue **30** will be sent on request.

The Orchestrelle Co.

ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

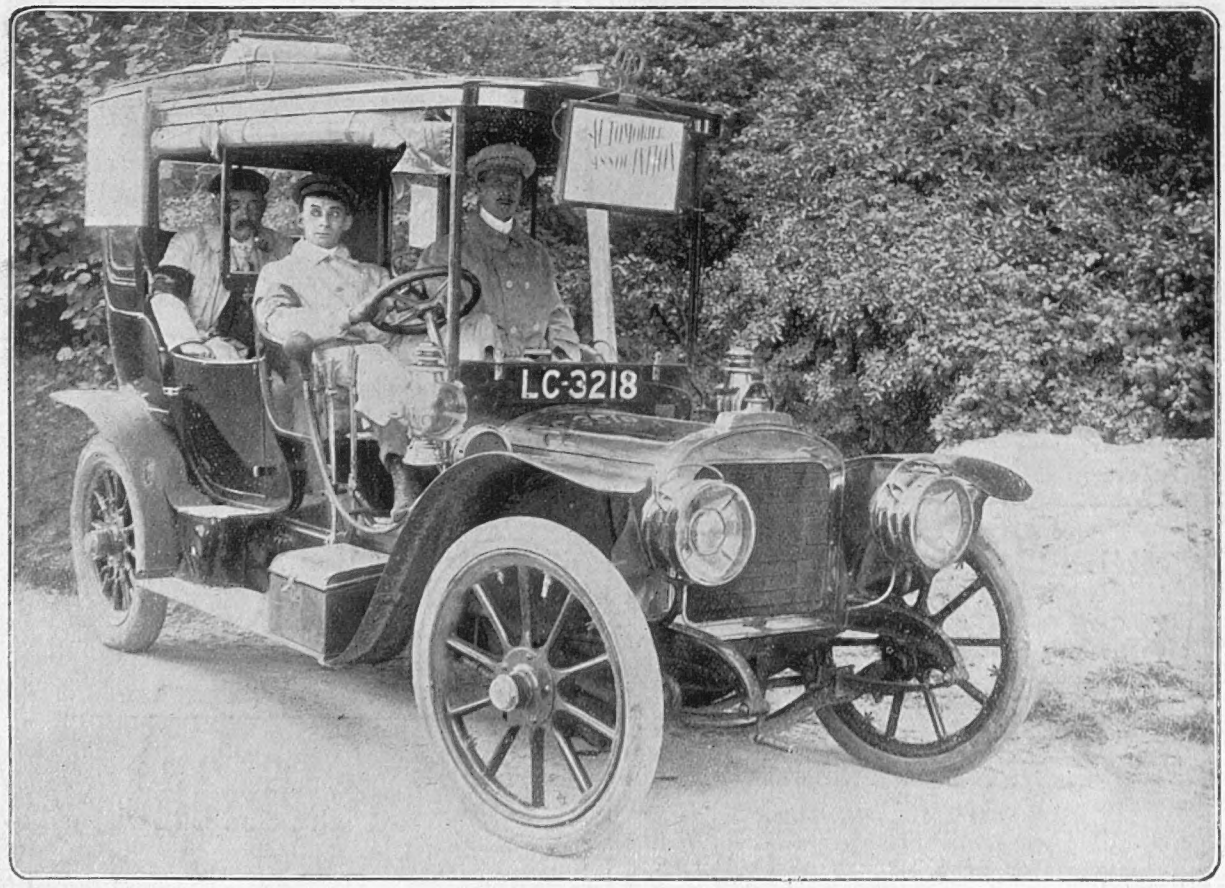
Automobile Topics.



Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Buyers and Sellers

It is seldom that any important motoring events, the ostensible *raison d'être* of which is advertisement sought by entrants, is concluded without more or less heated controversy as to the justice of the awards made by the judges. The recent Scottish Reliability Trials, which, on the issue of the official report, were discussed in the THE BYSTANDER of August 8, have unfortunately proved no exception to the general rule. Since the committee selected the 20-32 h.-p. "Special" Darracq as the recipient of chief honours and the Gold Medal in Class IV., quite a little hurricane of protest has been hurled at the heads of a remarkably hard-working, self-sacrificing, and fair-minded body of men. I may say at once that the main ground chosen by the protestants is the contention that the Darracq people—more especially the Kennedy Motor Company, Limited, of Cathcart, near Glasgow, who entered the car in question—have been guilty of a breach of "Rule 38" of the conditions under which the Scottish Trials were run. That rule plainly enacts that "the selling price of each motor-car and chassis shall be declared on the entry form, and *entrants shall be bound to sell* for delivery, within a reasonable period, motor-cars and chassis similar to those entered, at the price stated, for three months after the date of the trial." Further, the same rule lays it down that "the chassis length shall be declared" and that "the chassis price is the basis of classification, and entrants will be obliged to produce their catalogues or circulars in confirmation of same." Now, it may be regarded as a postulate that no motor manufacturing firm should be allowed to annex kudos at the expense of its rivals, unless that claim to appreciative recognition has been fairly and squarely won. If A, for instance, enters a car to be sold for £500, and is afterwards unwilling or unable to meet the demands of would-be customers, B is quite in order in protesting against A's advertisements. The important point, of course, is this.



A Motor Bureau

While organising the patrol scouts on duty on the Great North Road, Mr. Stenson Cooke, secretary of the Automobile Association, used this 28-36 Pipe car as a perambulating office

India Contractors to The India Office

AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

AT THE BOULOGNE MEETING,

WAGNER ON 100 H.-P. DARRACQ

fitted with

CONTINENTAL TYRES

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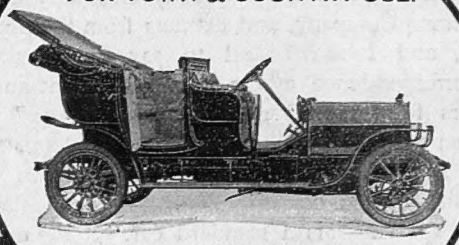
CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER Co.
(GREAT BRITAIN), Ltd.,
102-108, CLERKENWELL ROAD.
WORKS: HYTHE ROAD, WILLESDEN, N.W.

"THE PRIVATE PULLMAN."

FOR TOWN & COUNTRY USE.



LANDAULETTE (OPEN).

— A —

GLADIATOR LANDAULETTE.

GRAND PRIX, 1906 MILAN EXHIBITION.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

You are cordially invited to call and inspect the splendid types of the world's best automobiles at our Showrooms. Free trials arranged. Particulars sent on request.

THE GLADIATOR Co. (England),
8-9, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Telegrams: "Gladihood, London." *Telephone:* 1334 Gerrard.

First In All Trials.

The "FAMOUS FIATS" continue to represent the best value on the market.

FIAT

Carriages de Luxe, Standard Touring Cars, SHOOTING BRAKES, and 'Bus Chassis, 1906 Models, on view at 37, 38, Long Acre, London.

Telegrams: "FIATISM, LONDON." Telephone: 3171 GERRARD.

FIAT MOTORS, Ltd.

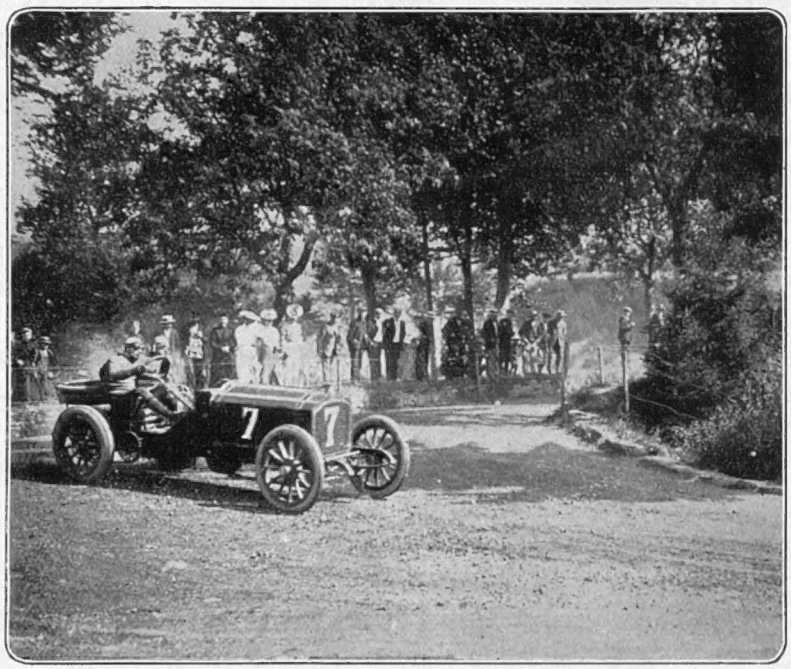
Brighton Depot and Garage: ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

Are the Darracq people able or willing "to sell for delivery, within a reasonable period," cars similar to that which won the award. I have a mass of correspondence before me, which includes copies of letters addressed to the Kennedy Company and to the Darracq Company, and extracts from their replies thereto, and I am bound to say the perusal of that correspondence makes it apparent that anxious inquirers for "special 20-32 h.-p. Darracqs" have been compelled to go empty away. In a letter dated July 3, 1906, the Kennedy Company state, in reply to a Birmingham correspondent, "It"—*i.e.*, the 20-32 h.-p. special—"is a standard car, yet the number which we are manufacturing this year is very limited, only fifty of these being put through. As this car is merely a fast, reliable touring car, we do not push its sale." Most private owners of motor-cars with whom I am acquainted desire nothing better than "a fast, reliable touring car," and it is, I think, regrettable, therefore, that such a vehicle should not have its sale pushed. Other points in connection with this "special" Darracq, as, for instance, cylinder capacity, and the type of tonneau body fitted, have been laid before the Committee of the Scottish Club, but I think enough has been written here to emphasise my contention that buyers of cars will do well to insist upon getting machines of exactly similar type to those whose public performances have commanded admiration—and advertisement. This, it appears, is not always easy.

* * *

An Analysis

While on the topic of public trials and their proper value as a guide to the purchasing public, I may appropriately revert to the awards in the Scottish Trials and the chief causes which occasioned loss of marks. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the four days' run over very difficult country was the performance of the 9-10 h.-p. two-seated Swift car, which gained the Gold Medal in the class for cars priced at less than £200 for the chassis. The "little timekeeper," as it is called, actually aggregated more marks than any other car in the competition, totalling 995·5 of a possible 1,000. On hill climbs and reliability it lost 3½ and 1 mark respectively, while on petrol consumption it scored the maximum. Other cars in Class I. which worthily upheld the prestige of the car for men of moderate means, were the Cadillac and the Rover, which gained 800 and 799 marks for reliability, the maximum being 800. Some of the causes of stops in the higher-powered classes are interesting. A round dozen of cars were hung up by carburettor troubles, in the majority of cases the stoppages being occasioned by choked feed pipes. No fewer than thirty-two cars lost marks on account of faulty ignition, although in many instances the changing of a sparking plug put matters right. Then we have the very common spectacle of cars unable to carry full compliments of passengers uphill. Gradients, of course, were very steep in many places, and most of the competitors had not previously traversed the roads, otherwise more suitable sprockets might have been used. Although tyre trouble accounted for a large number of stops, the percentage was much smaller than in former years, and the best patronised Continental and Dunlop makes came through the ordeal remarkably well, considering the weight of the cars and the nature of the roads. Altogether, it must be conceded that a very high state of efficiency has now been attained by the modern touring car.



Circuit des Ardennes

Duray, on his De Dietrich racer, who won this year's race at sixty-six miles an hour, is shown taking a "hair-pin" corner outside Bastogne

* *

Miscellanea

Congratulations to Mr. E. S. Hemmerde, well-known in motoring circles as a successful barrister in automobile actions, upon his election as M.P. for East Denbighshire.—In the Circuit des Ardennes, Wagner, on a racing Darracq, made fastest time in the 100 kilométre sprint, using Continental tyres.—King Edward, during his holiday, is using one of his British-built Daimler cars, which has been shipped over for His Majesty's use.—Germany's automobile show will be held in Berlin from November 24 to December 4, thus forestalling the Paris *salon*.—Baron de Dietrich, head of the great firm which bears his name, died at Niederbronn on August 11.—The beautifully chased Milan Gold Cup, won by Lancia on his F.I.A.T. racer, was destroyed by a fire which broke out in the Art Section of the Milan Exhibition.—For the first time on record, a bookmaker turned up to do business at the start of the Ardennes race, laying odds of 2 to 1 against Bayards and Darracqs, 4 to 1 Mercédès, and 5 to 1 De Dietrich—thus the "outsider" won.